

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 1, 1971 60 CENTS

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You immediately begin to sense the uniqueness of this Cadillac when you place yourself behind the wheel. You'll find entry has been made remarkably easy, thanks to its new door-sill design. The richly upholstered lower profile seats offer new, contoured comfort that will delight and surprise even the most loyal of Cadillac owners.*

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Cadillac



Ho Li is the fastest car renter in the west.

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Our friend with the inscrutable smile and the smoking pen has the shortest name we've ever come across. So he's pretty hard to beat at the National Car Rental counter.

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his name. And in seconds (his record is 3.078932 to be exact) he's off in a clean, shiny GM or other fine car.

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be number 1**
It's a great feeling!

NATIONAL CAR RENTAL

- Guaranteed, computerized reservations.
- 1400 U.S. and international locations. (Tilden-Rent-A-Car in Canada)
- S&H Green Stamps.
- We feature GM cars: Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac.
- 800-328-4567 toll free.



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Next week

DIVISION LEADERS those Knicks and Bucks are also likely NBA playoff finalists. Peter Carr covers a week in which they meet each other as well as some mutual opponents

BATTLING SCOT Ken Buchanan, preparing for his lightweight title defense against Mando Ramos is probed by countryman Hugh McIlhenny at his camp in Edinburgh.

THE BIG WHEELS belong to Porsche and Ferrari as championship sports car racing gets the green flag for a month of speed at Daytona. Bob Jones reports from pit and paddock.

SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

TALL MEN, TALL PRICES

Less than 24 hours after Jack Dolph, American Basketball Association commissioner, had announced that his league would once again hold an early "secret" draft of top college players, the selections were made in Greensboro, N.C., where the ABA was putting on its All-Star Game. As usual, the secret choices were immediately leaked.

More interesting than the ABA draft choices was the list of players the league did not draft in the first round. Among the omissions: Notre Dame's Austin Carr, UCLA's Sidney Wicks, South Carolina's John Roche, Marquette's Dean Meminger and others who would have been among the highest choices if the ABA and the National Basketball Association were not in a talent war. The omissions, indeed, implied which college stars have already indicated a preference for the NBA. Most of them, most likely, are already under contract to the NBA—just as many of the players picked in early rounds by the ABA have already signed with the younger league.

A typical case is Villanova's Howard Porter, a 6'8" frontcourt man who probably would have been a second-round choice in normal years. Porter was first choice of the Pittsburgh Condors—and the third player chosen in the whole draft—mainly because he signed a \$350,000, three-year contract with the ABA on Dec. 16.

Since the contracts are technically personal service, not playing agreements with the leagues, and also in good part because they are kept secret, some players may have been led, mistakenly, to think that there was no violation of their present amateur status. The same players will sign actual playing contracts after the close of the college season.

Under these conditions it was not surprising that Porter ended up ahead of Gilmore in the draft. After the league signs the college players, the contracts are then made available to the teams

that can pay the tabs—and for whom the individual players are willing to perform. Porter's \$350,000 price tag was within reach of ailing Pittsburgh, but it was not until after eight choices had been made that one of the successful ABA teams, Kentucky, came up with the resources to meet Gilmore's price, which is understood to be in excess of \$2 million.

THE REAL WINNER

When Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier split \$5 million on the day after their confrontation in Madison Square Garden, the real fight will begin. Opponent: the Internal Revenue Service. At issue: how much of their \$2.5 million apiece the fighters will be permitted to keep under the income-tax laws.

It's quite a bit more than it would have been before Dwight D. Eisenhower wrote a book and the law was changed to acknowledge that a bonanza is a special form of income. There are several options open to the two fighters, depending on how they file their income report and how they elect to pay tax on it.

Under an "income averaging" provision, if their income for 1971 exceeds by 30% their average income of the preceding four years, they can spread it over the past five years. To the joy of accountants and tax lawyers, there are more than 20 methods of filing under this provision of averaging, and a lot of technical IRS gobbledygook is involved. But the size of the purses makes it quite clear that both fighters will have a most unusual year and surely will exceed by 30% their average of the past four.

Frazier is incorporated and so could file differently from Ali. On the other hand, Ali could incorporate by fight time. Of course, they could elect the least complicated procedure and simply treat the income as current, paying taxes on it as a lump sum for the year 1971. "We'd be happy for them to do that," an IRS spokesman said, licking his lips.

JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT

A rising tide of pure amateurism may be about to engulf college sport—or at least wash at its shores. A dozen New England and New York colleges have formed a new intercollegiate football league eschewing athletic scholarships and dedicated to the belief that club football is better than the varsity type.

To be governed by the rules of the National Club Football Association, the Eastern Collegiate Club Football Conference comprises a Colonial Division (Providence, Stonehill, Hartford, Assumption, St. Michael's and Western New England) and a Hudson Division (Fairfield, New Haven, Marist, Iona, Norwalk Community and Westchester). Schedules are being arranged to give each team five league games. Then, for the top teams, a playoff round will determine the champion.

Stonehill is typical. Its uniforms and equipment are paid for by the student body. Its coach is a volunteer, Dave Knight, formerly a defensive coach for a minor league professional team. There is a student trainer. The team doctor donates his services. Competent volunteer officials are scarce, though, and are Stonehill's biggest expense.

Some of the schools have stadiums. The others make do with borrowed high school fields and never will make enough money to build stadiums of their own. Or compete for high school stars with scholarships.

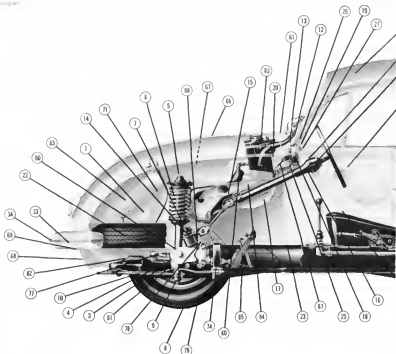
VERSATILITY

Theoretically, a high schooler who wins a college athletic scholarship for proficiency in a particular sport might be expected to continue in that discipline.

It is not necessarily so at the University of Cincinnati, especially when an athlete is recruited for basketball. Tony Trabert came to Cincinnati on a basketball scholarship and, while he did play varsity basketball, he became much better known as a tennis player. Then there was Sandy Koufax, to whom Cincinnati awarded a basketball-baseball scholarship, though he was considered to be primarily a basketball player. You know what happened to him.

Latest Cincinnati basketball recruit to jump the fence is Jim O'Brien, whose field goal was on the Super Bowl for the Baltimore Colts and thereby made him an instant hero in an otherwise heroless game. As a senior at Aiken High School,

continued



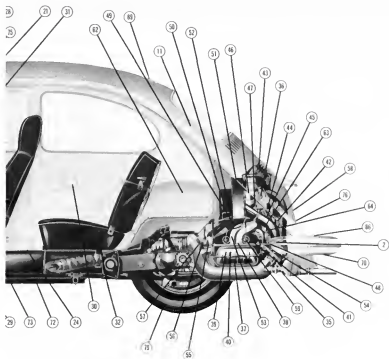
89 ways to tell a new

Ready?

1 Bigger front fender. It makes the front end look as big as our old ones. Whooper.
2 Bigger engine. To make the 1971 Super Beetle go faster.
3 & 4 Bigger front brakes. To make the Super Beetle stop faster.
5 & 6 New front suspension. It makes riding smoother and quieter.
7 Shorter turning circle. It's shorter turn. What else?
8, 9 Wider front track. For better handling.
10 New stabilizer bar. For better steering.
11 Flow-through vent flaps. 12 Two-speed blower. For fresh air with the windows closed.
13 Two new fresh-air outlets.
14 New steering box. 15 New steering column. For easier steering.

16 New door pocket. An expansion of the old one. The pocket.
17 Bigger gas tank. The pocket.
18 New gas tank. The pocket.
19 An air filter. The pocket.
20 New front fender. The pocket.
21 New front fender. The pocket.
22 New front fender. The pocket.
23 New front fender. The pocket.
24 And new front fender. The pocket.
25 New front fender. The pocket.
26 New front fender. The pocket.
27 And new front fender. The pocket.
28 New front fender. The pocket.
29 Right door pocket added. To go with the one on the left.

30 Left rear fender added. To go with the one on the right.
31 New inside door knobs.
32 Car jack relocated below rear seat.
33 Front bumper and brackets reinforced.
34 Bumpers now have rubber molding.
35 To 54 help make the engine more powerful, last longer. Run cleaner and cooler.
36 New muffler.
37 New carburetor.
38 New dual intake ports.
39 New valve guides.
40 Exhaust valves chrome plated.
41 New pistons added.
42 New double vacuum advance.
43 New thermostat-controlled air cleaner.



one from an old one.

- 44 New crankcase assembly
- 45 New intake manifold
- 46 New gaskets
- 47 New fuel-air diffuser
- 48 New cylinder
- 49 New cylinder head
- 50 New piston and rings
- 51 New oil pump
- 52 New blower fan
- 53 Enlarged oil pan
- 54 New cam gear
- 55 Improved distributor
- 56 New central shaft bearing
- 57 Modified timing belt
- 58 New engine
- 59 Improved valve adjustment
- 60 New Emission

- 61 New fuel system
- 62 A-1 Fuel Injection Unit
- 63 Fuel jet
- 64 Fuel filter
- 65 Fuel pump
- 66 Fuel line
- 67 Fuel filter
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Tune in next year for further developments.

O'Brien was third leading basketball scorer in Cincinnati prep circles, then headed off to the Air Force Academy with the intention of playing basketball. Later, after a medical discharge, he turned up at UC on a partial basketball scholarship, played some in his first year at Cincinnati and that was all.

O'Brien is a fair tennis player, too.

CAT TALE

Driving along a road near the University of Maine at Machias, student John Turner spied a large bobcat crossing the road. Since a bobcat is worth a \$15 bounty in Maine, Turner got out of his car and chased the cat until it treed. It was then he realized that he had no rifle.

Hoping another car would come by, Turner waited. None came. So Turner solved the problem. He took off his hat

salmon feeding at sea off west Greenland. Every salmon country in the world, including the U.S., takes the position that high-seas fishing for salmon cannot be justified because the catch cannot be regulated to protect home rivers. The Danes have gone on fishing.

Now CASE has drawn up a timetable to make the Danes listen. CASE is considering a formal boycott of Danish goods if the Danes don't agree to stop at an international meeting this May. CASE is taking ads in trade magazines to warn importers of the possible boycott. "We have no desire to see the American businessman with unsold goods on his shelves," said Bramwell Fletcher, who delivered the timetable. "So we give adequate advance notice. We'll go next to the supermarket magazines and finally to Danish newspapers." (In Congress, Representative Thomas Pelly of Washington is reintroducing a bill that calls for a ban on the importation of any food product from any country hurting the conservation of North American Atlantic salmon.)

In a way, the boycott already has begun. Ted Williams told the dinner guests he was shopping the other day when he picked up a canned ham. It was labeled IMPORTED FROM DENMARK. Said Williams: "I dropped it like a hot potato."

CREDIT WHERE DUE

Tom Dempsey, the New Orleans Saints' placekicker, is still getting recognition for his 63-yard field goal. The Dallas Bonehead Club presented him with its Bonehead of the Year trophy last week in commemoration of the feat. The kick beat Detroit, all right, but the victory also boosted the Saints out of a shot at pro football's No. 1 draft pick. The Saints thus became only the second worst team in the National Football League, behind Boston.

TIPS FROM THE TOP

The Impington (England) Village College of Further Education, which is near Cambridge University but not much like it, has started a seven-week course on beating the races. About 40 students are in rapt attendance, learning how to judge such matters as breeding and conformation, the odds and jockeys. First lecture, on breeding and form, was given by Geoffrey Sale, editor of the book *Hunters, Chasers and Point-to-Pointers*.

Advertisements for the course were

posted in betting shops in and around Cambridge, but it has attracted students from as far as 40 miles away.

Scholars are awaiting climactic lectures by representatives of Tote Investors, Ltd. and Ladbroke's, two prominent bookmaking houses, whose representatives, presumably, will tell the class how to beat the bookies.

SITTING DUCK

California's duck-hunting season was drawing to a close, the state legislature was in session and Assemblyman Robert E. Badham was itching to get in one last fling at the sport he loves best.

But the Assembly has a rule that an excuse must be given to play hooky from a legislative session, or else \$30 per diem is forfeited. So Badham wrote his excuse:

My Dear Mr. Speaker—

I hereby request that I be excused on legislative business today as I will be away from the Capitol with a group of conservationists conducting an ecological tour of the northeast quadrant of the San Joaquin Valley assessing habitat and feeding conditions of migratory waterfowl.

Cordially,

Robert E. Badham, Assemblyman,
71st District

Speaker Bob Moretti, no duck hunter, approved the excuse. Assemblyman Badham got his limit.

THEY SAID IT

• Alex Karras at the Super Bowl, appalled when Baltimore failed to go for a field goal in the first half, contemplating the situation after Nowatzke's second-half touchdown: "I wonder if they'll try for the extra point."

• Heleno Herrera, Italian soccer coach, reacting to an observation that his annual income (\$240,000) is 10 times that of a government minister: "In modern society one earns what one is worth."

• Liz Brewer, blonde English beauty, on a report that she will marry Lord William Compton, younger son of the Marquess of Northampton: "We're only getting engaged if he learns to play Scrabble properly."

• Lew Alcindor, discussing two of his favorite opponents in Baltimore: "Wes Unseld is very physical, but that Gus Johnson could get a job as a hockey puck."

END



and coat and dressed a small tree so that it resembled a man. Then he drove to a friend's house and borrowed a gun. Hastening back, he found the bobcat still treed, glaring balefully at the hat and coat.

Turner got his bounty, and earned it.

SKIP THE DANISH

The M.C. was Curt Gowdy, and the speakers included Ted Williams and Bing Crosby. The occasion at New York's Waldorf-Astoria last week was not another midwinter sports dinner, but a concerned gathering of the Committee on the Atlantic Salmon Emergency.

CASE is out to stop Danish commercial fishermen from taking Atlantic

THE GAS MASK



No matter what cigarette you smoke, most of the smoke you smoke is gas. And certain of these gases are harsh.

That's why we invented the Gas-Trap filter. It actually works just like a gas mask. This is because, to clean smoke, we make our granules from the very same kind of amazing charcoal as modern science uses to clean air.

The result? Our Gas-Trap filter is better at reducing certain gases than any Run-On-The-Mo Filter around.

So, So you can wear Lark's Gas-Trap filter and look silly or smoke Lark and be smart.

If you like the taste of gas, you'll hate the taste of Lark.





Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 1, 1971

BACK IN THE RUNNING

After a layoff of nearly two years, world-record holder Jim Ryun competed in his first race last week, an indoor mile in San Francisco, beat a mediocre field and removed a great weight from his shoulders **by PAT PUTNAM**

For Jim Ryun it has begun again. Nearly 19 months have passed since he stepped off the track in Miami and into a self-imposed exile—and then, suddenly, last week in San Francisco, it was as if he had never been away. For there he was, on the track at the Cow Palace, in the familiar pink and blue of the University of Kansas ghosting along in fourth place, and after only two laps of the mile run the old magic was gripping the crowd, and upstairs a man was gripping his son and shouting, "Freddie, don't you miss a minute of this. By God, that's the old Jim Ryun running."

No, Freddie, not the old Jim Ryun. That fellow out there, he buried the old Jim Ryun back in Miami in June of 1969. "The Jim Ryun of a few years ago is dead as of today," he said then. "There has to be a new Jim Ryun. I

have to exemplify my new self, not the old one. I'm anxious to compete, but if I don't get over this pressure I put on myself, this fear of losing, I may never step on a track again. And right now I just don't know how to do that."

On the eve of the race Ryun sat in one of those delicate little San Francisco restaurants, alternately chewing on beef wrapped in thin crisp pancakes and on the reason for his return to competition. Half of the reason, his wife Anne, sat beside him. The other half, Heather DeKlyn Ryun, was celebrating her seventh-month birthday in the nearby apartment of Anne's sister Susan.

Ryun began by speaking of that day in Miami when he quit in the middle of a race, picked up his sweats and went home to Kansas. "To have stopped running at that point may have been the best thing

that ever happened to me," he said. "No, not in quitting that way. That would never be right and I'll never quit again. But I had to stop something that had been wrong for a long time. I didn't enjoy running that year. My mental attitude was bad. I had to stop it."

But why? Why in the middle of a race? Why not before or after?

Ryun shook his head. "I don't know. I didn't even know I was doing it. All of a sudden I just found myself off the track. It was a nightmare."

At home the pressure was off, but he was uneasy. He had stopped running, but his competitive juices had not. He and Anne took long walks at night. They discussed a comeback. She said if that was what he wanted, then that was what she wanted. He began putting his running career into a new perspective.

continued

In the early stages of the race Ryun was content to let Duncan MacDonald set the pace

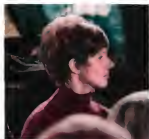


Turning it on, Ryun ran a 58.5 final quarter





Ryan won in 4:04.4 to the satisfaction of the crowd, which included his wife Anna, whom the beaming miler sought out after the race.





"People had always put me up on some sort of pedestal," Ryun said. "Made me some sort of a, uh, super-something. And then they'd say, oh, how terrible, so young and so many pressures. Well, all the pressures were made by me. Inside pressures. The outside pressures didn't bother me as much as people thought. If people expected great times and I didn't feel I was prepared, well, they just didn't get great times. As for the rest, it was often rewarding. But it was always as an individual. Sure, I was on the team at Kansas and I was very loyal. But you're still an individual alone. Now I have a family. Well, how can a man with a family not change? I'm as serious about running as I ever was, and I'm training harder than ever, but my family comes first. And we'll share in everything."

One of the first things they'll share is a move to Eugene, Ore., where Ryun has a choice of several job offers and where he'll be able to work out with Bill Bowerman's Oregon Track Club. And, too, the fans are going to be cut in for a piece of the action. In the past Ryun felt he had let them down, especially the children who futilely waited in line for autographs.

"It seems I was always being hustled off to be interviewed," he said. "Well, the press has been nice to me and I don't want to be cruel, but sometimes it may have to be that way. I'm not seeking to sign autographs, but if kids want them, they're going to get them. I suppose they'll go on saying I'm aloof. Aloof. That kills me. I never liked their using that word. I'm not aloof. But there are so many demands and just so much time and . . ." Well, that was the old Jim Ryun's hang-up.

The morning of the race the Ryuns awoke early, as usual, and went from their hotel to the apartment Susan shares with two roommates. Ryun wasn't too sure whom he would be running against. "Rick Riley, I know," he said, "and this guy from Stanford—uh, MacDonald, I think. I don't know who else. But it doesn't matter. I've prepared for the race as best as I can. Worrying about the competition now won't help."

The rest of the competition consisted of three brave fellows named Willie Eash-

man, Arvid Kretz and Peter Duffy, who had an outdoor best of 4:07.8 among them. They had never run indoors.

"They were the best we could get," said one of the meet officials. "We invited every top miler in the country. Jim said he didn't care who he ran against. At least three had told us they'd be here—until they heard Jim was coming. Then they became unavailable. Others were injured or out of shape, and I know Marty Liquori was committed to running in Philadelphia. Then we went down to the 4:03 and 4:04 milers and they all said, no, thank you."

Ryun laughed when he heard that. "Sort of silly of them. I should think that this would be a good time for them to catch me."

No matter. Eashman, Kretz, Duffy or a one-legged fat lady from Schenectady, this was still *the* first race after Miami, and Ryun was nervous. It was like climbing behind the wheel for the first time after a serious accident. You know you can get past the telephone poles, it's just that you didn't get past the last one. He and Anne went grocery shopping and breakfasted on steak and eggs. Ryun read a few chapters of *The Road* before napping for 3½ hours. Upon awakening, he decided to get a haircut. Then the trouble started. Ryun wears his hair a bit longer than a crew cut.

"What you want a haircut for?" the barber demanded. "A guy your age, you should let it grow long."

"Please," Ryun said, "just cut it."

Ryun went back to Susan's apartment and called a cab to go to the Cow Palace. He was told he'd have to wait at least half an hour. For insurance, he called a second cab company. The first cab showed up in 14 minutes. Anne was still dressing. "Be down in a minute," Ryun told the driver, who said O.K. and drove off. The insurance cab never showed. After a tense hour Susan's roommates got Ryun to take their car. As it turned out, the rush was for nothing.

At last year's meet the fans had been polled as to their favorite event. They voted for the shotput. And so this year the officials invited Randy Matson, the world-record holder, and, for frosting, stopped all other competition during the shotput. Then there would be the 440 and, at 10:20 p.m., the mile. Oh, yeah. Al Feuerbach threw the big marble 68' 11", breaking the world indoor record, and all those shotput fans went nuts.

By the time Ryun was told he could run, it was 10:45, and Anne, who had been honored earlier with a silver platter, was a bundle of nerves. Oddly, Ryun grew looser with the delay.

"What was Anne's award for?" someone asked him.

"I don't know," he said. "Maybe Mother of the Year."

Finally the race began, and after several laps Duncan MacDonald took the lead and set a crawling pace.

"I remember the start," said Ryun, "and then I remember it said nine laps to go and then six. That's when I woke up. Sometimes you go to sleep out there. You worry about doing that. But in practice it's great. If you didn't sleep in practice you'd blow your mind."

With 4½ laps to go, Ryun said to hell with it. Or, rather, to heck with it. He sped past MacDonald and soon was in front by 20 yards and widening the margin with every lovely, flowing stride. He ran the last three laps grinning: the fans spent the last two laps giving him a standing ovation. He won in 4:04.4 and by at least 50 yards.

"When I crossed that finish line," he said, "it was like a great big weight was removed from my shoulders."

"Yeah," someone said. "Like Miami."

Then Ryun went in search of Anne, who had run to a phone to call her parents. "He found me out in the hall while he was warming down," she said. "He even got to say a few words to my folks. And what else? Oh, yes, he kissed me. I remember that now."

Then the press got him. Next race? Munich? The Olympics? Kap Keino? Liquori? "We'll have to sit down and discuss it," Ryun said, putting an arm around his wife's shoulder. "Now, if you'll excuse me, please, I have something to do. Come on, Anne."

Together, they left the pressroom and went out into the hall. There seemed to be a million kids lined up, all armed with pencils and outstretched programs. Ryun didn't stop signing until the last program had been thrust at him and the last kid had gone home happy.

Then he sighed. "You know," he confessed, "there was one disappointment tonight. I sure wish I could have seen that shotput record throw. But they made us stand out in the hall."

That's all the Cow Palace needs, another shotput fan. **END**

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHEELY & LONG

The day after his victorious return, Ryun jogs along a San Francisco street with a young fan.

IT'S GONNA BE THE CHAMP AND THE TRAMP

... so says Muhammed Ali, and you shouldn't have trouble guessing which role he assigns himself in the fight with Joe Frazier

by **TEX MAULE** and **MORTON SHARNIK**





Everything looks a little bigger than life now. Muhammad Ali, moving on the old familiar red canvas of the ring in the Fifth Street Gym in Miami, belaboring a squatly heavyweight from Jamaica, is thicker in all of his dimensions. A barely discernible pad of fat blurs the outlines of a waist that once was slim as a girl's, but the weight is spread evenly; the shoulders are thicker, with heavier muscles, and the arms and legs give the impression now of solid, mature power. He was once a big heavyweight who looked like an overgrown light heavy; now he is a big heavyweight who looks like a big heavyweight.

On this first day of serious preparation for his fight with Joe Frazier, Ali worked six rounds. He went two with the squat Jamaican, two more with a tall, light heavyweight and a final two with a middleweight. He worked with all the spirit and fire he had before the first Liston fight, talking to the hundred-odd people gathered in the grimy gym to watch. Once the middleweight hit him a light blow to the jaw with his right and Muhammad fell heavily. He climbed laboriously to his hands and knees, shaking his head dramatically, then toppled over again, for all the world like Liston in the first round of their second fight, in Maine. It was a good act and a fine put-on, and the small crowd howled with laughter.

Later, having finished a virtuoso performance on the light bag, a skill he developed after the Liston fights to toughen his hands, he sat on the edge of a rubbing table and shook his head, his face for once serious.

"These first days are hard," he said, though he was breathing easily. "Ain't in my lungs—they all right. It's in my muscles. They get tired. Ain't like when I was a young man. Now I'm older, gonna be 29."

He no longer has a baby face. The planes are wider and stronger, and he looks tough. There still are no marks on his face, but somehow it belongs to a fighter. "The dancing is no longer necessary," he said. "When I fought Milkenberger, Patterson, Liston, all of them, I could feel their strength when they

leaned on me. Now that ain't true no more. Now I hit with *manne* strength. All of them punches I threw—bop, bop, bop, bop—maybe a thousand punches, nobody goes down. Now it's gonna be different. Bop! And down he goes."

He looked down at the thickened waist and felt himself there. "I'm 228 now," he said. "I'm gonna fight maybe 215, 218. Used to be I wanted to keep that slim, beautiful body, but I'm getting older and I'm getting stronger, and I'm naturally getting bigger. I ain't so slim, but I don't want to be. Now I'm a mature man, a *strong* man."

A photographer from *Ebony* magazine asked him to pose with Jimmy Ellis and he got up, kidding with Ellis. They feinted at each other a few times and he reached out and held Ellis off with a long left arm, demonstrating that Ellis could not get to him. Ellis broke up and the photographer asked them to look serious. They glared at each other for a moment and laughed again after the picture had been snapped.

"You next," Ali said to Ellis. "Seven days after you fight me, you gonna be a week-old ghost." He sat down in a chair against the wall and kept talking.

"Tomorrow morning I start running," he said. "Three miles. I get up to five, but no more. People ask me if I lost anything, if I ain't as sharp. I'm just as sharp. I just fight different now. They worry about my condition. They should worry about Frazier's. He's rustier than me. He went only two rounds with Foster and just a few rounds with Ellis. Meantime, I had three rounds with Quarry and 15 rounds with Bonavena. Oscar did me a favor. He got me in shape for Frazier."

He got up and hunched over and threw some short, awkward punches. "The Quarry fight," he said, "New Quarry don't move much, look for you to come to him, so I fight him one way. I move around him, but him I felt good. I been away 3½ years, no other heavyweight in the history of the world could come back and beat up Quarry like I did, quicker than Joe Frazier. And I felt good. Strong. Never got tired. Fought him the way I wanted to."

"But I got to get used to the lights and all the people and all that. I felt kind of tight and tense, but not in any way hurt in my mind. I had to get used to all that noise, all them people dressed up like peacocks come to see the cham-

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELDI RAPAN

As he clownes—posing for tourists taking a knockdown—or works seriously on the speed bag, Ali is obviously heavier, more mature.

pion of the world fight. Once I got used to that I was all right."

He was obviously enjoying himself, happy to be the center of attention, confident, full of talk. "The Bonavena fight," he said. "I was fooled by Bonavena. I must surely be fooled. Yeah. And maybe I took him too light. It was the kind of lesson could have been too expensive. No, I wasn't my best. Maybe it was my worst performance, but I won. I knocked out Oscar and that's something. Bad Joe Frazier hasn't been able to do in 25 rounds. Everybody's yelling and screaming. Joe Frazier! Joe Frazier! Joe Frazier! Whipped Bob Foster in two rounds! Knocked him dead! And Ali had life and death with Oscar Bonavena! Humpf. Bob Foster, a 170-180-pounder. Now ain't that something! I wouldn't even spar with a man that size. But the press and the bookies are shouting who-e-e-e! Joe Frazier knocked him out, knocked him dead!"

"What they should have done is to look what I did to Oscar and what Oscar did to Joe Frazier. Now, you tell me what Bonavena did to Frazier. All he did was to knock Joe Frazier down twice in their first fight and then whip his face so bad that his eyes were swollen closed. And when it was all over, Joe Frazier fainted in his dressing room. Exhausted. Dead tired. Unable to move."

"Now ain't that something? I don't say Oscar was easy—he wasn't. But me, I won 13 rounds and then I knocked him out. I'm satisfied. I beat Frazier's toughest opponent, and that should be the measuring stick. I would have beaten Oscar worse, really whipped him, if he had fought the way he did in his other fights. But Bonavena is tricky. Instead of chasing me, like he usually does, he just stood in the middle of the ring. . . . No point in dancing with him 'cause I'd be dancing alone. I had to come to him, and that's when he tried to fight. But I'm a scientific fighter. I know how to tie up, how to spin a man, turn him around in a corner and walk away—and that's what I did with Bonavena. He was strong, I could tell it, much stronger than Joe Frazier, but I handled him."

"I made a lot of mistakes in that fight, and it cost me. I got careless with him in the ninth round, and you can't do that with Oscar. He's awkward and sneaky—a sneak puncher. In that ninth round I got hit by a hook harder than

Frazier could ever throw. Numb! Like I was numb all over. Just numb. Shock and vibrations is all I felt, that's how I knew I was alive. I mean I was *jarred*. Even my toes felt the vibrations. Bong! Like you take a piece of spring and you hit it. Bo-m-g. That's how I felt. The first thought that came to mind—another good one or two might have dropped me. But see, a real champion can react to the occasion."

"Like Ellis, for instance. Now Ellis got hit, tagged, shook by Frazier. Here it is the biggest thing in his life and what does he do? He gets right up, goes right back in and starts slugging again. Another big punch and he goes down again. Gets up and starts slugging while he's still numb. Now everybody knows you're most vulnerable then and you go down even quicker. So you're not brave to do that, just foolish. And dumb. The crowd knows it. They start hollering because they know if you get hit again, it will make you go quicker. So the minute I'm hit—two steps backward and I'm on the other side of the ring. Out of danger. Messages race out of my mind—retreat, retreat, danger, danger. I hear the messages and I'm moving, moving away. But I'm still watching and thinking."

"When you're in condition it takes only 10 seconds, then you're usually out of trouble. If he gets too close just clinch him. It don't take long to clear your mind when your body is right. Grab him, do anything, anything. Just stall for time and not let him know you're stunned. You have to be experienced enough to keep dancing with him like nothing's wrong. And all this happening while the crowd is hollering, the Garden is full, smoke's in the ring . . . pop, and then you're hit, hurt. When Joe Lou is knocked down Max Schmeling, he gets up holding the rope—too dumb to back off, too dumb to grab him and hold him. When I saw Frazier knocking Ellis out with those little old short-handed hooks, I could just see me eating Frazier up. I could just see me leaning, jabbing and moving and him reaching and falling."

"Hit hard—how many times I been hit hard? Sonny Banks, a hook, Henry Cooper, hook. Sonny Liston, three times to the head. Body punches don't bother me. Chivalo beat me to the body all night until he got discouraged. I don't think about Frazier's body punches. I



take them in training for the fun of it. Jack Dempsey say Frazier gonna knock me out. I'm gonna prove I'm a better fighter and a better judge than Jack Dempsey. Never been a fighter like me, not in the history of the whole world. Never been a fighter so fast, so quick, so strong, so graceful, so good."

He talks easily, never at a loss for words, his eyes moving constantly, assessing the impact of what he is saying. Some of what he says is a put-on, but as he talks, he believes it himself.

"It's gonna be the champ and the tramp," he said. "Frazier never been in there with nobody like me."

He got up and began shadowboxing. "You got to move and stick," he said, sidling quickly around the room, his big left arm jabbing out with speed and precision. "Move and stick. Bop, bop, bop, bop, bop, bop. Quick. Hit him fast, he can't get away. Bop, bop, bop, bop, bop."

"I hit so much harder now," he said. "I hit Bonavento so hard it jarred his knifolds all the way back in Argentina. I really hit him. And in the 15th round I hit him harder than Frazier ever could hit him. And I hit him with a left hook. I been working on the left hook so I can hit harder with it."

"Get up," he said to a listener. "Lemme show you."

The man got up reluctantly and Ali reached out with the long left hand and tapped him gently, delicately on the forehead just over his eyebrows. "There's old Joe Frazier," he said. "Bop, bop, bop, bop, bop. He trying to get in and hit me with body punches and while he come in, I'm reaching out here and hitting him in the head like this."

The left hand flicked out a few more times, so carefully directed that the taps on the forehead were just barely feelable. He touched his own forehead and said, "As long as a man can't get to here on me and I can get to here on him [another light tap from the big left hand], he in trouble. He in big trouble. Now he coming in, he get maybe three, four body punches on me, I'm hitting him maybe 20 head shots. You think that doing him any good?"

"People say Frazier is so busy throwing punches that he throws more than any other heavyweight. They tell you he's a big Henry Armstrong. Well, he can throw all the punches he wants, he's not in there with a amateur. He's in there with the best professional and the

fastest in the history of the whole world. I want for everyone to read what I say 'cause I know how some people are, they try to make up for their bum predictions. No, I'm not putting Joe Frazier down. I'm just telling the truth. Liston was the greatest thing that ever was until I beat him. Then they called him a bum. Before I beat him he was the greatest of all times, badder than Joe Louis. That star! After I beat him they said aw, he quit. The second time they didn't know what to say, Patterson, well you know Patterson was fast and good and I just played with him. So now Joe Frazier is supposed to be so good. I was defending against Sonny Liston when Joe Frazier came to my camp to see me. There he was, a little old country boy wearing suspenders. Just back from the Olympics. Now he is undefeated. Right—we can't deny that, he's undefeated. He's just whipping everybody. He is the favorite. He is the favorite to whip me! So what I want to say is that Joe Frazier is good, but I want people to say that after I whip him. I don't want them to write poor Joe was this or was that and Ali is this and he ain't that. I want them to say not only was Joe Frazier a great fighter but Ali said just what he would do to him."

"Now Joe Frazier ain't a great fighter to me. He's a great fighter to the fans been reading his clippings. But to me he can't even dance. See, I'm used to watching films of pretty fighters, Sugar Ray Robinson, Johnny Bratton, Kid Gavilan. I watch the action, watch the punches they throw, watch the footwork. These are some of the prettiest and best fights up until myself. I would say. It was hard to be the cameraman. He had to be quick to follow the action, and it's the same way when I fight. You can tell by watching the way the film angles, moves—that's the way it is with me. The difference between me and them is that I don't get it. I don't get it nearly as much as Robinson, Bratton and Gavilan, and they were masters. It's a race for the camera to keep up. I notice all this when I'm fighting. I notice the cameraman sweating to keep up with my dancing, switching and turning."

"I'll be dancing on March 8. I'll be dancing, moving and hitting, and Frazier won't be able to find me. Joe Frazier will be reaching and straining with those hooks, and they'll get longer and longer, and he'll get more frustrated.

Where's Ali? Why won't he stand still? And he'll start lunging and jumping, and that's when I'll be popping and smoking. It's like a horse race or a foot race. One man starts with a five-block head-start 'cause that's what I'll have on Joe Frazier. The first five rounds are mine. He won't be able to reach me. Yeah, he might not be able to find me for five rounds. But I'll be punching him."

He rested a moment, and he was reminded that two years ago he had discussed with *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* what would happen if he met Frazier. At that time, he got up in his living room and fought a two-round pantomime bout in which he was knocked down twice in the first round, saved by the bell, then came back to knock Frazier out in the second with a thunderous left-right-left combination. He grinned.

"I ain't going to say what round it will end," he said, more seriously. "I'm a different fighter now, so is he. I train different. I even run different. Now I run maybe a mile, then I sprint, hard as I can run, maybe four or five blocks. What the sprinting do, it gives you speed."

He began throwing punches again, still sitting down. "You stick and move, stick and move," he said again. "He's moving in, ain't reaching me because he's too small to reach me. I'm looking for the opening, looking and picking and then I see it."

His eyes widened and he began to punch harder, hanging his right elbow against the wall of the small room as he drew his arm back, the familiar "unnnh-unnnh!" marking each punch.

"Now I'm sprinting, but I'm sprinting in the ring," he said, still hanging away, his elbow thudding off the wall. "Now I got him in trouble and I'm chopping him with the right hand, and he don't know how to run, where to go."

He slammed the right hand twice in succession and stopped punching and leaned back, a film of sweat on his face. "He ain't going to withstand that," he said. "Ain't no heavyweight in the history of the world could withstand that."

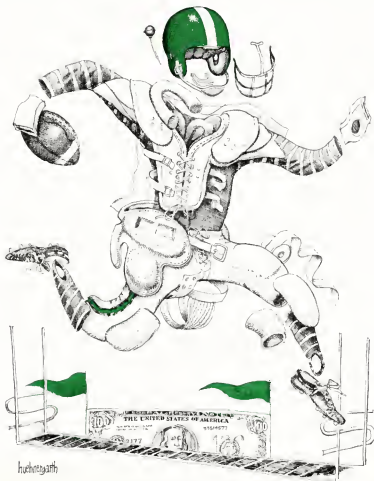
"Then this fight won't go 15 rounds," someone said, and Ali shook his head. "Ain't no way it gonna go all the way," he said. "One of us is gonna get knocked out."

One of us? That's what he said. Of course, it could have been just one more put-on.

END

A GRIM RUN TO FISCAL DAYLIGHT

After a decade of high living, college football faces a serious financial squeeze. Costs are still rising, but revenues approach a ceiling. For all but the richest teams austerity measures lie ahead **by PAT RYAN**



It is a time for accounting. Like business executives throughout the land, the trustees of college sport have been poring over their graphs, those craggy profiles of the financial scene. The picture they see is troubling. In the past decade athletic budgets have increased 108% (only 35% of which can be attributed to the cost-of-living rise). Some schools are now spending more than \$3 million annually to field sports teams. Two-thirds of college athletic programs are operating in the red. In some major conferences as many as six members spend more for sports than they earn from them.

If statistics confuse you, if you thumb through the financial pages of the daily newspaper only to get to *Peewee*, consider these specific areas of crisis:

Item 1: Forty-two colleges have dropped intercollegiate football because of inflated costs in the last 10 years. The State University of Buffalo joined the list just three weeks ago. Toward the end, with the handwriting plain on the bursar's wall, Buffalo Coach Bob Deming was fighting to save his program by buying a discount from a sporting goods firm that was going out of business. He even changed to a cheaper type of laundry marker.

Item 2: The University of Kansas student senate voted last week to give no money from student fees to the school's major sports in 1971-72. The athletic department had been getting \$180,000 annually. To try to recoup the funds, Athletic Director Wade Stanston plans to raise student season-ticket prices from \$5 to \$18 in football and from \$4 to \$15.50 in basketball, gambling that student attendance at games will not drop too drastically.

Item 3: The Big Ten, which long has had frosty relations with professional football (until recently it barred pro talent scouts from press boxes), is now actively courting professional team owners in an effort to get exhibition games booked into college stadiums. The Uni-

versity of Minnesota is after the Vikings, Northwestern wants the Bears, Michigan the Lions and Ohio State would probably settle for any old Super Bowl candidate with some regional appeal. Just this month it was announced that Notre Dame has made a match between the Bears and the Cleveland Browns at South Bend, for Aug. 28. Depending on the deal struck, a single pro football game might add as much as \$200,000 to a college's athletic bank account.

Thus the colleges are scrambling for any cash around. Ohio State has led the country in football attendance in 19 of the last 20 years, but filling its stadium to the parapets does not leave OSU wallowing in profit. "The pinch is there, and we just have to face up to it," says Buckeye Athletic Director J. Ed Weaver.

In the '60s college football managed to stay generally abreast of escalating costs by upping ticket prices and cashing in on television. But now expenses are racing ahead of revenue. A detailed NCAA study of finances that has just been made public shows that football revenue increased by 12% in 1968 and 1969 but football expenses increased 19%. And athletic directors see no ready way to solve the problem. Many claim their ticket prices cannot be raised any more, which means their stadiums cannot be exploited further—they can only seat so many fans. Some major football schools have expanded their grandstands three times in the last decade. To make additions now would entail cantilevering the structure or massive excavating to build downward. The cost would be prohibitive. For example, Ohio State discovered that enclosing the open end of its stadium would cost more than the stadium itself did when it was built in 1922.

Football's savior in the '60s was television, but it now seems most unlikely that TV money will be increasing. Indeed, the opposite may be true when the networks bid on a new contract in 1972. Last week ABC, which currently televises college football, said it may not be interested in renewing the contract under the present terms. "The NCAA will have to lower its price demand or become more lenient in the selection of games to be televised," ABC Sports Vice-President Chuck Howard declared. "And maybe the NCAA will have to do both for us to buy the package again." ABC pays \$12.1 million per season for

the college games. For the year 1968, says the network, it absorbed a \$1.8 million net loss on the venture.

Athletic departments once could rely on the university regents, alumni contributions and student funds to shore up their finances, but such donations are drying up—in part because of the economic climate, in part because of alumni disaffection with many college attitudes. Bob Deming saw gifts to his Buffalo team plummet from \$74,000 to \$1,500 in one year. Increasing numbers of universities are on very tight budgets, with some of them shutting down whole departments, such as engineering and dental schools. In these circumstances athletic deficits are becoming hard to justify. Yet 400 of the 655 NCAA-member colleges operate their sports programs in the red.

If, as the NCAA survey shows, only one-third of football's inflation is due to the cost-of-living rise, what accounts for the other two-thirds? It has been explained by Oregon State Athletic Director Jim Barratt as "keeping up with the Joneses." He says, "If our major opponent hires another football assistant coach, we try to match them. If our major opponent has more football scholarships than we have, we try to catch up. If our major opponent has an athletic dormitory, we get out the hammer and nails. If our major opponent shops for artificial turf, we start organizing a fund-raising campaign. This goes on and on. If we don't work through the NCAA for a solution of limitations, many of our coaches will be out selling insurance within five years."

In a sense, college football teams are like publicly held corporations. To keep the stockholders happy, each season must be bigger and better.

"Just as most people in the U.S. tended to improve their own housing during the 1960s," says Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles, "so colleges have enlarged stadiums and built dorms and field houses. We are in competition for the entertainment dollar: college football had better be a good show."

And so the extravaganza has become increasingly costly. The NCAA survey showed that in 1960 major colleges spent an average of \$330,000 to field a football team. By 1969 the figure was \$668,000. Last year alone the University of Houston upped its sports budget 26%.

The increases have come in all facets

continued

THE HIGH COST OF SUITING UP

From helmet to low-cuts, the phantom player opposite represents an outfit a \$200—one-third more than a decade ago. Most expensive item: shoulder pads at \$14, up from \$8. Taps alone may cost a school \$5,000.

of the sport. Equipment costs have risen between 33% and 40%. Balls, shoes and uniforms now cost Ohio State \$57,000 a season. Hospitalization, physicians' fees and medical supplies may be as much as \$16,000. Mark the Buckeye marching band down for \$22,500 or so. Recruiting expenses among top teams exceed \$50,000 a year. The NCAA found the average tutoring bill for football players at major colleges was \$16,700, and one Atlantic Coast Conference school is said to spend more than \$20,000 for this item. Ten years ago the training table at Penn State cost \$18,000. Now the bill is \$35,000. When Oklahoma was virtually unbeatable in the '50s, Bud Wilkinson was paid the then handsome sum of \$20,000 per year. His nearest counterpart today, Darrell Royal of Texas, makes \$35,000. (But as Wilkinson did, of course, Royal earns far more than his coaching salary from other perquisites.) One Big Ten team is spending \$19,000 a year on telephone and telegraph, but that is paltry compared with the sum run up at a Southern power that requests anonymity. Its coaches spend \$28,000 telephoning and another \$15,000 on postage. "We have no reason to refuse to let you use the name," an official said, "except that we are spending so much money it would shock people. They would think we are spending a lot more than everybody else. If every other athletic budget could be published, we'd be happy to publish ours, because we know we'd be pretty much in line."

A major increase has been in the grant-in-aid expense. The number of athletes receiving scholarships is higher than ever before, but more significant is the fact that tuition in most schools has doubled in 10 years, and in some cases has tripled. At Northwestern, for instance, tuition in 1960 was \$1,000 a year; it will be \$2,700 next year. Athletic directors can only wince when projections are made of the tuition fees of the future. By 1980, Northwestern estimates, its students may be paying \$8,000 a year for their education. Ten years ago grants-in-aid cost the Ohio State athletic department \$198,000. Now Woody Hayes gets a bill for \$407,000. At Kansas one tuition-and-fee hike increased grants-in-aid \$40,000 overnight.

But while the overall trend is disheartening, it must be pointed out that a few schools are making substantial profits

from sport. Frank Broyles rides happy and high on the Arkansas hog. At LSU there has been an embarrassing bounty. In 1946 the school's athletic department was told it had to be self-supporting. It was to operate as a business, entirely separate from the university. If the business went bankrupt, then sports would be dead forever at LSU.

So successful was the athletic department that at one point it loaned the university \$400,000 (at 6% interest, of course). Two years ago LSU's regents were lobbying desperately in the state legislature for more funds to pay professors. At that very moment a \$2.3 million surplus sat in the athletic department coffers. In the last dozen years the department has showed a net profit ranging anywhere from \$300,000 to \$650,000 annually. Football has been the money-maker. Basketball, even in Pete Maravich's heyday, lost money. In recent years much of the loose cash has been invested in capital improvements: new wings have been added to the athletic dorm, tennis and track stadiums have been built. A gigantic field house that will have five basketball courts, an eight-lap track and an expanse of synthetic turf is under construction. Even with all that, there is \$950,000 left in the LSU sports kitty.

But it is not by the fortunate few that the state of college sport should be measured. Some schools currently operating close to the break-even point confess to a certain amount of fat in their budgets. "I am convinced that if I had to I could cut \$150,000 to \$200,000 without impairing our program," one Midwestern athletic director admits. "For instance, we spend \$4,200 a season taking players to a motel on Friday night before home games. That's not necessary. Another item is color game films. Since we began using them, our film costs have risen some \$10,000 to \$15,000. Color film makes it no easier to study and analyze play, but the coaches say prospective recruits are more impressed by color film. That sort of expenditure can be trimmed."

For several years there has been a lot of jawboning about expenses, but coaches have continued signing vouchers and have paid little attention to all the hubbub. However, last month at the NCAA convention in Houston it was evident that the coaches are ready to

give some ground. When he heard that the American Football Coaches Association was proposing a national limit on grants-in-aid, Big Ten Commissioner William Reed declared, "This is a very significant thing, because it constitutes recognition on their part that athletic economy is necessary for survival."

Frank Broyles, outgoing president of the AFCA, acknowledged that football coaches were now doing some fiscal homework, that their previously aloof attitude was no longer realistic. But Broyles himself is opposed to belt-tightening. "Football is the golden goose," he says. "Kill it or cripple it, and you run the risk of reducing the income which supports the nonrevenue sports." Quoting NCAA studies, Broyles pointed out that football pays its own way at nearly all the schools with the largest programs and also pays for about half of the other sports programs.

USC Coach John McKay issued a similar warning, stressing the fundamental point that football carries the financial load for college sport generally. "Suppose I have four businesses," he said, "and one of them is profitable and the other three are not. I ask my accountant for advice. If he tells me to cut back in the one business that is profitable, then I'm going to find me another accountant."

The NCAA had printed and ready for the coaches at Houston a 127-page booklet entitled *Financial Analysis of Intercollegiate Athletics*, which means the economic issues were there on the table. The NCAA had sent out 32-page questionnaires in the fall of 1969 asking for detailed information on athletic program revenues and expenses. "As you can imagine, some institutions are a little tender about divulging their financial status," said Mitchell H. Raiborn, author of the booklet, "either because they are doing so good or they are doing so bad." Elaborate coding schemes were set up to protect the colleges' privacy. The NCAA received data from 277 of the 655 schools queried (42%). At least half the members of every major conference filed reports. "We may have the figures, say, on an Ohio State but not a Texas, or a USC but not a UCLA," Raiborn notes. "It's a balanced, carefully computed survey."

In recent years there have been any number of suggestions on how to aid ath-

continued



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lets budgets. The playing of an 11th-foot-ball game was heralded as a panacea. But the result was predictable—it helped the rich get richer. If a school has trouble selling tickets to 10 games, an 11th only increases the headache. Nebraska scheduled an 11th game last fall with Wake Forest. The Cornhuskers, one of the nation's top teams, gave the visiting North Carolina school a substantial guarantee (\$80,000) and pocketed the rest—a cool quarter of a million dollars from a capacity crowd. And the scheduling of games has become something of a fiscal rather than an esthetic art. The difference between playing Ohio State in Columbus and New Mexico in Albuquerque is about \$100,000, as any athletic director knows.

Among the more extreme proposals to slash costs are the elimination of spring football (the Ivy League did it 19 years ago), putting territorial limits on recruiting, legislating the number of assistant coaches a school can hire (some have as many as a dozen), trimming travel squads and abolishing tutoring. This last suggestion comes from Wade Stinson at Kansas. "There is no more reason why an athlete should be provided with free tutoring than a nonathlete should," he says. "The trouble with tutoring is that it becomes a crutch to the athlete. Instead of starting out on the first day of classes and keeping up his work, he waits until shortly before exams and then yells for tutoring." A study of the Jayhawk annual budget bears this out. The books have sometimes shown less than \$50 spent in tutoring fees between September and December. But between Jan. 1 and March 1, which includes the period of semester exams, tutoring jumps to \$5,000.

From time to time there is talk of bringing back one-platoon football. Certain conferences, such as the WAC, advocate it. One Pacific Eight school did a study some time ago and found that using two platoons cost it an additional \$100,000 a year. Another conference member estimated that added cost at \$200,000 a year. Yet many coaches contend there would be no difference in cost, primarily because recruiting would be more difficult and expensive. Coaches will be in dire straits before they permit the reinstitution of the single-platoon game. "Sure you could save," says Pepper Rodgers. "And you could save even more by limiting every squad to 25 play-

ers and one coach. But you wouldn't have very good football."

Frank Broyles is one who believes the one-platoon game would cost just about the same. His staff, he notes, was the same size in the one-platoon years as it is now. "We would have about the same number of athletes, but fewer would get into games and you'd have disgruntled players. The great passers, runners and kickers we have now couldn't get into the games in most cases. You'd pick an end for defense, and he wouldn't be that nifty receiver. You'd pick a linebacker for fullback, and he wouldn't be that great runner. We'd lose the appeal of the exciting game we have today. It would be like taking the pros back to about 1936."

Some time ago San Jose State's Bob Bronzan was discussing the phenomenon of specialization in sports. "It starts in high school," he said. "The kids there are getting stronger coaching, and they specialize instead of becoming all-around athletes. In college today you seldom see a three-sport man. The athlete's lessons are very sophisticated. Years ago a defensive back just looked for the ball and tackled. Now his playbook is loaded. It costs more to finance specialized athletes under the guidance of specialized coaches."

Individual conferences have been experimenting with various ways to make their budgets balance. Several quite openly juggle their schedules to pick up more TV money. The Southwest Conference, with its lighted stadiums that permit night games, is said to pick up \$1 million a year this way. Conferences are shortening minor-sport seasons, cutting down squads and limiting travel by these teams.

But sooner or later the NCAA is going to have to step in, stand very tall and pass legislation to institute wise economies nationwide. No athletic director is going to cut back on football unless he is assured his competition is doing likewise.

At present the NCAA is considering three proposals. The first is putting a limit of 120 on the number of football scholarships a college can have on the books—an average of 30 a year. These presumably would be renewable one-year grants. Ara Parseghian, for one, says he could live with such a curb on grants-in-aid. "We average just above

that, about 32 or 33 a year," he says.

"I'm not sure though that big state schools like Texas could be competitive with that number. I think they give out something like 50 a year now and also redshirt players." A Southwest Conference coach—not Darrell Royal—explains that schools like Penn State and USC, situated in prime high school football areas, can get by with 25 or 30 grants, but coaches who have to travel long distances recruiting and are not familiar with prospects' day-in and day-out performances have to take more chances. They say they need 45 or 50 scholarships annually.

The second NCAA proposal is to award scholarships only on the basis of need. "Let me tell you this scheme can't work," storms Broyles. "If it were passed on a national basis you might have major conferences dropping out of the NCAA."

The final NCAA suggestion is to establish a national date for signing letters of intent. In effect, this would limit the recruiting season and thus trim recruiting expenses. At present, the Big Eight's signing day is Feb. 9, but another conference may have its day in May. Thus, while a Big Eight coach can stop worrying about another Big Eight school taking away from him a player he signs in February, he still has to worry and spend money to prevent his recruit from signing with a team in a conference with a May deadline. It has been suggested that the NCAA go even farther and bar all contacts with high school athletes until after they have played their final games in November. Such a rule, together with an early national letter-of-intent deadline, would appreciably reduce recruiting costs.

A fortnight ago the NCAA announced that it was considering summoning its members to a special spring convention to consider such proposals. But now NCAA officials are shuffling their papers and saying they don't want to give the appearance of "railroading" the football coaches. They have decided against an extraordinary session, which means no changes will be put into effect before 1973. Meanwhile, lots of schools that are not Arkansas, Texas, USC, Notre Dame, LSU and the like will just have to swallow their losses and hope they don't suffer the fate of a Buffalo—extinction. **END**



MY REBELLION

by **CURT FLOOD**
with **RICHARD CARTER**

He was sold down the river, says the ex-Cardinal star, who gives his own version of the case that landed baseball in the federal courts and wound up with the author in the nation's capital

In 1967 we won the championship of the National League and defeated Boston in the World Series. In 1968 we won the championship of the National League and failed by one game to defeat Detroit in the World Series. In 1969 we lost the championship of the National League on March 22, before the season started.

August A. Busch Jr., horseman, yachtsman, beer magnate and proprietor of the Cardinals, is the most baronial of major league club owners. He also has the shortest fuse. During the 1969 pension negotiations, the Major League Baseball Players Association had offended his sense of propriety by demanding a better retirement plan. After the negotiations ended in a compromise, the leading members of the Cardinals added injury to insult. They asked for substantial salary increases. I, for one, did not sign my contract until March 3—having been an official holdout for two brave days. I had rejected a \$77,500 offer.

"If you people want a .300 hitter who also happens to be the best centerfielder in baseball," I said modestly, "it will cost you \$90,000, which is not seventy-two-five and is not eighty-nine, nine hundred and ninety-nine." I got the \$90,000. Bob Gibson, Lou Brock, Tim McCarver and several others also did handsomely. Mr. Busch's player payroll became the highest in the industry.

He had a fit. Labor annoyances were not what he had envisioned when he

took up baseball. They hoded ill for the future of the game. What would become of the fans? The fans! Mr. Busch decided to attack us in behalf of the fans. Accordingly, he staged a happening. He ordered all the Cardinals to a special meeting on March 22 at St. Petersburg, our Florida training base. He summoned the corporate directors of his beer and baseball enterprises. He whistled up the gentlemen of the press. When all had assembled, he addressed himself to the players.

Mr. Busch questioned the integrity of our attitudes. He raised doubts as to the single-mindedness of our professional efforts. He accused us of upstaging and occasionally mishandling our devoted fans. He deplored the methods of our Association. He warned that failure to mend our ways would ruin St. Louis baseball. He depicted us as a rabble of ingrates who were getting fat and headed for a fall. "Fans are telling us," he said, "that if we intend to raise prices to pay for the high salaries, they will stop coming to the games. . . . They say they can do other things with their time and with their money. It doesn't take a crystal ball, gentlemen, to realize that with so many fans being so aware of the big payrolls in baseball, they will become more and more critical of us." Having humiliated us to the best of his ability, he exhorted us to go forth and win another pennant.

Other professionals might have resigned en masse, but Busch knew that we would not resign (because baseball law does not permit us to seek another employer). He was using the occasion not only to revile us but to reassert the uniquely feudal privileges vested in him and other club owners by baseball's reserve system.

The speech demoralized the 1969 Cardinals. Despite two successive pennants, we were still livestock. A few days before, the front office had started the havoc by trading away our most popular player, Orlando Cepeda. He had symbolized the joyful return of the champion Cardinals. In return for Ch-Chi, the Atlanta Braves sent us Joe Torre, a congenial man and an excellent player. But the glue was gone.

We remained keen about each other as athletes and men, but the opposing team was no longer our chief adversary, nor was the next game the most im-

portant problem in our lives. Each of us was miserably aware that the ax was over our skulls. We finished fourth in the National League's Eastern Division, 13 games behind the Mets. The great Cardinals were all washed up.

I protested more vigorously than usual during the '69 season and even broke into print a few times. This did not endear me to management. Especially not at \$90,000 a year. Where once my painting of oil portraits had been tolerated, even encouraged, it was now deplored. The front office nagged Lou Brock about his Dodge agency and flower shop, Nelson Briles about his electronics dealership, Hoot Gibson about his Omaha interests, Tim McCarver about his Memphis restaurant. I was the worst offender of the lot. Not only did I paint until all hours, but my name now was associated with a photography business. How could I be expected to keep my mind on baseball?

I'll tell you how. The major league baseball player is even more aware of the perils of distraction than general managers and owners. He cannot excel unless his mind is on the game. He has known this since childhood. If he becomes involved in businesses outside baseball, he does so as an absentee partner. He usually invests little except the use of his name. How could it be otherwise? He is on the road half the time, and tense with athletic concentration when at home. Why, then, does he involve himself in outside interests? Partly in hope of getting extra money. Mainly in hope that his brief prestige may help him to prepare a place for himself in the world. The likelihood is great that baseball will have no room for him after his playing days end. It is little more likely, I might add, that the outside business will jell. But you can't blame a man for trying.

Late in the season, while we still had a mathematical chance of winning our division, I began to realize that the front office had given up on us. Angrier than usual, I confided to Jack Herman, a reporter for the *Globe-Democrat*, that the top management had tossed in the towel. I went on at some length.

Bing Devine, our general manager, responded with a crusher. "The only reason the regulars are complaining," he said, "is that they are afraid of losing their jobs."

I think I had known it for months without admitting it to myself. Now I said to me, "Brother Flood, you are going to be traded. You have had it."

On October 7 I was sitting in my apartment waiting for my nervous system to come down to earth now that the season was over.

The telephone sounded.

"Hello, Curt?"

"Yes."

"Jim Toomey, Curt."

A chill entered my belly. Toomey was Devine's assistant.

"Curt, you've been traded to Philadelphia."

Silence.

"Good luck, Curt."

"Thanks. Thanks a lot."

Twelve years of my life. I spent the rest of the day in the chair right next to the telephone, answering none of the calls. Twelve years of my life.

I said, "There ain't no way I'm going to pack up and move 12 years of my life away from here. No way at all."

If I had taken inventory before the front office called, I would have compiled a formidable list. Expensive athlete. Painter of oil portraits as negotiable as any currency. Student of the human condition. Impervious to shock. Subdivisions: black. Belief in the American dream: lapsed.

Wrong. The dream dies hard. It lay deep within me, dormant but not destroyed. Just as stress can arouse a latent virus, one miserable telephone call released the poison of self-pity. The hard-boiled realist who answered the telephone was a weeping child when he set the receiver down.

It was a bad scene. Feverishly, I harped on my 12 years of service, any place among the altitude stars of the Cardinals. If I had been a foot-shuffling porter, they might have at least given me a pocket watch. But all I got was a call from a middle-echelon coffee drinker in the front office. Was I not entitled to a gesture from the general manager himself?

And Philadelphia. The nation's northernmost Southern city. Scene of Richie Allen's ordeals. Home of a ball club revealed only by the Pirates as the least cheerful organization in the league. I did not want to succeed Richie Allen in the affections of that organization, its press and its missile-burling audience.

"I have only two choices," I said. "I

continued

can go to Philadelphia or I can quit baseball altogether. I will not go to Philadelphia." The words of a typical baseball player, prostrated by the unchallengeable rules of the industry.

I telephoned Devine and told him that I would retire.

"That's entirely up to you, Curt. Good luck."

I told the reporters that I would retire. Nobody believed me. Traded players are forever threatening to pack it in. Few can afford to.

John Quinn, general manager of the Phillies, called.

"Mr. Quinn, you're wasting your time. I've made my decision."

"Can't we chat for a few minutes?"

I met him at a hotel and was im-

pressed. He was warm and understanding. He told me that the Philadelphia operation was being overhauled. Good new players were coming. A new ball park was in construction. Money was there for me. I agreed to see him again. I no longer was bothered about Philadelphia, as such. I was thinking more clearly. The problem was no particular city but was the reserve clause, which afflicted all players equally no matter where they played.

I had been thinking about the reserve clause for weeks. Sooner or later, someone would challenge baseball's right to treat human beings like used cars. I telephoned Marvin Miller, executive director of the Association, for an appointment and flew to New York to see him.

"I want to sue baseball on constitutional grounds," I told him. His eye-

brows rose. "I want to give the courts a chance to outlaw the reserve system. I want to go out like a man instead of disappearing like a bottle cap."

"A lawsuit might take two or three years," said Miller. "It would cost a fortune. And you could lose."

"I could also win."

"If you have any idea about becoming the first black manager, you can forget it after suing. You can also forget jobs as a coach or scout."

"I never had a chance anyway."

"Think of the money you'd lose by staying out of the game during the next two or three seasons."

"You haven't begun to scare me yet. Let's sue."

While in New York, I spent four hours over drinks and dinner with John Quinn. A lady at an adjoining table leaned over and said, "I know you from somewhere. Don't tell me, Lou Brock!"

In situations like that, you get up and introduce yourself before they have a chance to call you Jackie Robinson, Satchel Paige and every other black player they can name. We all look alike.

"I'm Curt Flood," I said, "and this is John Quinn, general manager of the Phillies. I'm with them now."

Technically, it was true. In my haste to silence the woman, I had omitted the details. That flat assertion may have signified more to Quinn than it did to me. It may have accounted for his perplexity when I filed suit. He had thought that I looked upon myself as a Phillie.

That evening Quinn offered me a combination of salary and reimbursement for sprang-training expenses that would have raised my 1970 earnings above \$100,000. When somebody talks that kind of money one does not respond with a flat no. I told Quinn that I would let him know.

I went back to St. Louis to think over the conversations with Miller and Quinn. The more deeply I explored myself, the more determined I became to take baseball to court. I had little money, but I was fortified by what I am not ashamed to call spiritual resources. I would try to improve my own corner of society before moving on. Win or lose, the baseball industry would never be the same. I would leave my mark.

"Marvin, I'm going ahead with it," I told Miller on the telephone. "Can you help?"

"It's possible. Come to our executive

board meeting in San Juan on December 13 and talk to the player reps."

I went. I spoke for at least half an hour. I told the players that I was going to proceed with the suit whether I got Association help or not, but that I needed all the backing I could get. The men questioned me closely, making sure that I was not engaged in a classic play threatening suit in hope that the Phillies would raise the ante—or that I would settle for a few hundred thousand dollars out of court. Tom Haller, sensibly, asked about a possible link between my suit and black militancy. The discussion was thoughtful, serious and heartening.

The board excused me from the meeting and then voted 25-0 to support my case. It authorized the Association office to retain the best possible counsel for me.

Time was precious. Marvin Miller wasted none. He called former Justice Arthur J. Goldberg, his old colleague in the steelworkers union, and asked him to consider taking my case. Mr. Goldberg invited me to his office. He is a well-turned-out man with unmissed white hair and an unmissed mind. I was nervous about meeting him, partly because I was a stranger to conferences in the private offices of former Supreme Court justices, and partly because I sensed that my future might depend on the impression I made. He put me at ease by getting right to the facts and reviewing the pitfalls to make sure that I had overlooked none.

"I just won't be treated as if I were an IBM card," I said.

"All right," he answered. "Let's go."

On December 24 I filed the opening shot, a letter to Bowie Kuhn, the commissioner of baseball.

Dear Mr. Kuhn,

After twelve years in the major leagues, I do not feel that I am a piece of property to be bought and sold irrespective of my wishes. I believe that any system which produces that result violates my basic rights as a citizen and is inconsistent with the laws of the United States and of the several States.

It is my desire to play baseball in 1970, and I am capable of playing. I have received a contract offer from the Philadelphia club, but I believe I have the right to consider offers from



OWNER BUBBA BURNED A SHORT FUSE

pressed. He was warm and understanding. He told me that the Philadelphia operation was being overhauled. Good new players were coming. A new ball park was in construction. Money was there for me. I agreed to see him again. I no longer was bothered about Philadelphia, as such. I was thinking more clearly. The problem was no particular city but was the reserve clause, which afflicted all players equally no matter where they played.

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"I want to sue baseball on constitutional grounds," I told him. His eye-

other clubs before making any decisions. I, therefore, request that you make known to all Major League clubs my feelings in this matter, and advise them of my availability for the 1970 season.

"I certainly agree with you," replied Kuhn, "that you, as a human being, are not a piece of property to be bought and sold. That is fundamental to our society and I think obvious. However," he veered, "I cannot see its applicability to the situation at hand.

"You have entered into a current playing contract with the St. Louis club, which has the same assignment provisions as those in your annual Major League contracts since 1956. Your present contract has been assigned in accordance with its provisions by the St. Louis club to the Philadelphia club...."

The commissioner was upset because I had made it plain that I would remain out of baseball while the issue was being contested. Goldberg told him at one conference that he had advised me that to play baseball while suing would hurt my case and might even cause its removal from the docket. Federal courts do not accept a case unless it is plainly a legitimate dispute.

Kuhn reacted to this with great self-assurance, as though he were playing cat-and-mouse. But he was picking on the wrong mouse and he should have known it.

Said Kuhn, "You mean, Mr. Justice, that you are advising Mr. Flood not to play?"

Goldberg jumped on him. "If you want to do any quoting," he said, "you had better be accurate in what you quote. The decision about whether Mr. Flood will play will be made by Mr. Flood. I have given him legal advice as to the impact of his decision. The decision is his. The only quotations you are authorized to make are (a) Mr. Flood will make the decision and (b) as to his reasons for not playing, he does not wish to be considered a piece of property and he considers the reserve rules both immoral and illegal."

Later, Kuhn asked with apparent dismay, "Is it true that negotiations are out—that the suit will proceed regardless?" Again Goldberg took him apart. "You have a terrible habit of misquoting," he said. "It is my understanding that if appropriate modifications can be

made through negotiation, they would satisfy Curt Flood. Therefore, if you want to carry out your legal right to negotiate, please do so."

By the end of February I was anxiously awaiting the decision on our plea for a federal injunction. Judge Irving Ben Cooper, of the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of New York, had heard the legal arguments with great enjoyment. At the end, he said, "Now you have thrown the ball to me and I hope I don't miff it."

Nobody really believed that Judge Cooper would rule on the legality of the reserve system. Every precedent indicated that this was a job for the U.S. Supreme Court. Nevertheless, it was theoretically possible that he might liberate me to play ball while the broader issues were being tried. He declared that the law forbade that. On March 4, 1970, when my body was aching for the exertions of baseball, he denied the injunction and recommended that the merits of the reserve system be dealt with in a full-dress trial.

The press descended. I wanted out. My photography business was foundering. I had not been able to pick up a paintbrush in weeks. And a venture in a restaurant in Copenhagen, Denmark, begun earlier, was in its death throes. But I went ahead and gave my usual spiel. Nothing had changed, I said. I would proceed step by step until a conclusion was reached. Yes, I supposed that my career was over, although I was ready to resume at any time possible. No, I was not trying to ruin the national pastime. Yes, a principle was worth more than \$100,000 a year. Yes, a peon remains a peon no matter how much money you give him. I could scarcely stand when the newsmen left, yet I felt better. I had been upchucking for two days, but now it stopped.

The trial was to be held in New York before Judge Cooper. Shortly before it started, Monte Irvin telephoned. Irvin had been a great player in the old Negro leagues and with the New York Giants. Now he was working in Kuhn's office. He said that the commissioner wanted to have a private chat with me. Kuhn had cleared the whole thing with Justice Goldberg's office. Would I meet him in Los Angeles?

"Dammit, Monte, the last guy who saw the commissioner for an informal

chat wound up getting a boot," I said, thinking of Denny McLain.

"He'd have been in worse trouble if he hadn't come in," said Irvin. This sounded to me like a veiled threat.

Then came another call from Irvin. The commissioner would pay my expenses to Los Angeles.

"The commissioner has worked out a deal," Irvin told a friend who answered the phone. "Curt can play for any National League club of his choice without jeopardizing the litigation."

"Oh, come on, Monte. You know the commissioner can't change the rules of the federal judiciary. If Curt plays ball, his case is wrecked. Now tell us what the commissioner really wants."

"He's a very compassionate man,"



OWNER SHORT BURNED UP LONG LINES

said Irvin. "He wants everybody to be happy."

"Oh?"

"This is the last door open," threatened Irvin. "If I don't hear from you by tomorrow, I'll know that you've closed the door."

A few days later, I got a telegram from Kuhn:

AM DISAPPOINTED YOU DECLINED MY INVITATION FOR A PERSONAL CONFERENCE IN LOS ANGELES ON FRIDAY. I DESIRED AN OPPORTUNITY TO DISCUSS WITH YOU PERSONALLY YOUR BASEBALL CAREER WITHOUT PREJUDICE TO THE BASIC ISSUES INVOLVED IN THE PENDING LITIGATION. MY COUNSEL HAS ASCERTAINED FROM YOUR COUNSEL THAT THE LATTER HAD NO OBJECTIONS TO SUCH A CONFERENCE WITH THE EX-

continued

PLICIT CONDITION THAT HE WAS NOT RECOMMENDING THAT YOU ASSENT OR DECLINE. THIS IS TO ADVISE YOU THAT IF YOU RECONSIDER I WILL CONTINUE TO BE AVAILABLE.

The trial itself was dull. The points at issue were matters of constitutional and legal scholarship. Testimony was less significant than the arguments contained in the briefs. So we got a parade of testimonials from witnesses who said that the reserve system was bad or unnecessary or both, after which the defense produced testimonials from witnesses who contended that the system was vital to the perpetuation of the game. The defense provided a certain sad amusement by its repeated assertion that modification of the reserve rules would "run baseball as we know it."

What they meant was that the change might reduce their profits. The term "baseball as we know it" conveyed the idea that the game had never changed. Leonard Koppett put that notion to rest when he wrote in *The New York Times*: "Is baseball as 'we know it' sixteen teams playing 154-game schedules, twenty teams playing 162-game schedules, or twenty-four teams playing in four divisions?"

"Is it independent minor-league teams and free competition for new players, or subsidized minors with a free-agent draft?"

"Is it unlimited control of hundreds of players by any one farm system, or an 'unrestricted draft' that limits certain control to the forty-man roster?"

"Is it a half-century of immovable franchises crammed into eleven cities in the northeast quadrant of the country, or sixteen changes in the major-league map in the last seventeen years?"

"Is it a game played on natural grass or on a synthetic surface? . . . Is it a lively ball or a dead ball, symmetrical stadia or old ball parks, big gloves or little gloves, 400 major-league players or 600 major-league players? . . ."

"The reserve clause has been 100 percent effective since 1915, when the Federal League folded. All the above changes have come about since then. The only aspect 'preserved' by the reserve system is the reserve system itself."

I spent most of the summer of 1970 waiting for Judge Cooper to shunt my case toward the U.S. Supreme Court where it belonged. I lacked the patience to wait. I refused employment in the

photography businesses that used my name. I avoided gainful pursuits, as if they might indicate that I was trying to start a new career in expectation of losing my case.

By August I found myself focusing on some unpleasant truths.

"The Curt Flood corporations are on the rocks," I was told.

"So, the Curt Flood corporations are in deep trouble. Maybe I should put some money into them."

"You don't have enough and none is coming in. The way you're going, you'll be lucky to last the year."

I had been whistling in the dark. I actually had believed that the businesses would keep me alive if the need arose. Their prosperity had been what I had in mind when I assured everyone that my commercial interests meant that suing posed no financial hardship for me. Failure of the corporations would be a crushing embarrassment.

"I'll be ashamed to show my face in St. Louis after playing big shot all this time," I grieved. "I might as well clear out now."

"I'll go to Copenhagen," I announced. "Nobody knows me there. I can stretch a dollar further. Maybe I can find a bar or restaurant to buy into. Best of all, I won't have to worry about my image all the time. It will be a real vacation."

I did go and found a pleasant room overlooking a yacht basin near Copenhagen. I bought a sketch pad and bore and grew a goatee. I played artist on street corners and in the happy hunting grounds known as Tivoli Gardens. "Little do these beautiful Danish pastries realize," I mused, "that the esthetic black in the beret is actually Curt Flood, the famous St. Louis business tycoon and athlete, vacationing between triumphs."

I learned by mail that Judge Cooper had ruled, as expected, that the issues in my case could not be resolved at his level. And then I discovered that my supposed vacation was not at all what I had planned.

Technically, but entirely without design, I was on the lam. The collapse of the photography business had hurt some people badly. They had struck back. Lawsuits were being filed against me. All of a sudden, Copenhagen was no longer a vacation resort but a jail. To run away from social discomfort—as I surely had—was no better than self-indulgent and it was silly. But to find that my flight

had rescued me from more serious embarrassment was downright awful. Was the black champion of players' rights supposed to end like this—hiding from creditors in a Danish hotel room?

While awaiting the arrival of more details, I got a telephone call from a reporter on *The Washington Post*.

"What do you think of the deal?" he began.

"Deal?"

"Don't you know that the Washington Senators have acquired the rights to negotiate with you?"

It seemed that Robert E. Short, owner of the Washington club, had agreed to give Philadelphia a player just for the right to talk to me. A few minutes later, while I was pondering this strange development, Short telephoned.

"What's the possibility of us getting together?" he inquired, as if he were downstairs in the lobby instead of an ocean away.

"You know how I feel about the reserve clause, Mr. Short. And you know that the whole thing is in court."

"Curt, you've already made your point in court. You've stayed out for a whole year. The rest is up to the Circuit Court of Appeals or the Supreme Court itself. You've got nothing more to gain by staying out of baseball."

"Maybe so, maybe not. The last I heard, I could not play without harming our case. If anything has changed, I'd love to know it."

"Come to New York as my guest," urged Short. "Talk to your lawyers. Then let's get together. I'm sure we can work something out that won't hurt your case but will put a lot of money into your pocket and help my ball club."

It all sounded unrealistic to me, but I could not resist a free trip to New York. I cabled Marvin Miller and took off. At worst, I'd learn at closer hand about the suit. God, I wanted to play baseball again.

It was late October. Justice Goldberg was in the thick of his campaign as Democratic candidate for governor of New York. Yet he took time to meet with Miller and me. He knew about my business reverses. He told me what I wanted to hear.

"By remaining out of baseball and giving up more than \$100,000 income last season, you suffered real damages which go to the heart of your dispute with the reserve system. I think that you could

play in 1971 without hurting the case in the higher courts."

When he, Miller, Moss, Max Gitter (a Goldberg associate) and I met with Short, we handed him a list of written proposals. In effect, these suggested that he give me a contract from which the key provisions of the reserve clause were eliminated. We asked him to agree a) not to trade me without my consent, b) to pay me the full year's salary even if I were cut from the team before the end of the season and c) to release me unconditionally if he and I were unable to agree on terms for a 1972 renewal of the contract. We also demanded agreement that the owners would not argue in court that my presence on the playing field invalidated my suit.

Short agreed to all of our demands. Goldberg and Gitter returned to their offices to draw up a memorandum embodying this agreement. Short and I were about to sign the first equitable player's contract in the history of major league baseball! The precedent would be tremendously important—the first step toward modification of the reserve system.

Three hours later we reconvened. Short, usually a bluff, outgoing man, was now curiously subdued. He explained that he was obliged to offer some second thoughts. For example, he no longer could agree to modify the standard reserve provisions in my contract.

"Commissioner Kuhn will not permit it," he said.

Short had been given the word in a telephone conversation with Alexander (Sandy) Hadden, former counsel to the American League and now counsel to Kuhn. Hadden was still on the line. Short consulted him frequently while talking to us. The owner of the Senators was empowered to agree that the contract could contain a covenant in which both parties stipulated that my playing was not prejudicial to the issues under dispute in court. And, if I insisted, Short also could grant me the veto power over one kind of trade.

"If you want, I can agree not to trade you to Philadelphia without your consent," he said.

By then we were all so shocked and angered by Short's retreat from our earlier oral agreement that we did not even laugh at the Philadelphia ploy. We simply rejected it.

And there we sat. The decision was up to me. Short said that he would pay

me "around \$100,000" for the season. Justice Goldberg suggested \$110,000. Short grabbed it. And then he assured me that he would abide by all the provisions that Kuhn had forced him to eliminate from the written agreement.

"I promise you that I won't trade you," he said. "And I guarantee you the full year's pay no matter what happens. And at the end of the year, if we don't agree on terms for the following season, I'll make you a free agent so that you can work out a deal with another club. But I can't put any of this in writing. And if anybody says that I agreed to such an arrangement, I'll deny it."

He also promised to help me straighten out my financial affairs, and spoke of giving me a job during the off season.

I returned to my room and took stock. On the positive side:

1. Nobody could justly accuse me of selling out my principles for money. I was not dropping my case against the owners. I would continue to pursue it until a resolution was reached.

2. Apparently my playing would not prejudice the courts against our appeal.

3. The \$110,000 salary would help me get back on an even keel.

4. Short had offered me a job in the Florida Instructional League beginning in November. I could get into decent shape before spring training began.

On the other hand:

1. Many fans would surely suppose that I had sold out.

2. Many baseball players would be bitterly disappointed, even hostile. They would wonder if I had used the Players

Association for the sole purpose of getting myself a \$20,000 raise. I would be baited as the man of principle who ran out of principle in one season. I would be ripped as the successful businessman who kept saying that "some things are more important than money" until his businesses disappeared and he signed with Washington, I or money.

Too bad. Too bad for me. Too bad for those who might misunderstand or misrepresent me. Too bad that I had sacrificed only \$100,000 or so in salary and only one year of my waning athletic career. I would have preferred enough wealth to pass up \$100,000 a year for as long as it took the courts to rule on our principle. I would have preferred such wealth not only for its own green sake but because my public position would then have been uncomplicated. Too bad.

And too bad that I now was only a hop and a skip from bankruptcy. I called Marvin Miller and Dick Moss and Arthur Goldberg and told them that I would sign. I then called Short and signed.

Frederick Douglass was a Maryland slave who taught himself how to read. "If there is no struggle," he said, "there is no progress. Those who profess to favor freedom, and yet deprecate agitation, are men who want crops without plowing up the ground. . . . Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did and never will."

To see the Curt Flood case in that light is to see its entire meaning. I am back in the United States now ready to do my thing.

END



A PERSIVE FLOOD GAZES OUT FROM OFFICES OF HIS NEW EMPLOYER IN WASHINGTON



A NEW ERA FOR AN OLD ISLAND

The place hasn't changed much since Columbus discovered it. There are still the green hills and sleepy rivers and azure surf rolling in on unspoiled beaches. But part of old Hispaniola, now the Dominican Republic, is at last reaching out for a role in leisure and the good life. In years to come, a new Caribbean vacationland will emerge, starting with La Romana, the resort pictured here, a place keyed to sport and sunshine. At right, cover girl Tannia Rubiano and Cynthia Korman splash through the surf. More Dominican scenes

Photographs by Robert Hunter
Reported by Jule Campelli
Fashions by Oscar de la Renta

unfold on the next pages, followed by a report on a lost paradise regained.





Warmed by the Caribbean sun, life in the Dominican Republic is a blend of colorful scenes, from the beaches near La Romana, where Carmen Luisa Vela frolics in vivid ruffles at left and below, to Peigro, a ranch where Latin cowpokes—who still pack six-guns—round up herds in a tropic version of the Old West.









Future La Romana vacationers will find a dramatic golf course where the first seven holes swing along the ocean, as well as warm pleasures like the hotel's private beach—accessible only by sea or air. In such seclusion tops and cares may be discarded: Tannie (center) does both, and Carmen casts shadows in the sand.





There are spinted Morgan horses to ride (that is Dominican polo star Alfonso Paniagua with Tanna) and there are spinted—and elusive—tarpon and snook in the lazy Chavon River. Not far away, at tiny Bayahibe Village, gangs of spinted, skinny-dipping kids, after rolling in the fluffy white sand, race to the water.







IT'S ONE FOR FUN IN TOMORROW'S SUN

*There will be the usual tourist comforts: hotels, golf
alongside the sparkling ocean, hidden white-sand beaches.*

*But if all goes as planned the island also will retain
its very special flavor—an air that is purely Dominican*

by WILLIAM JOHNSON

Puerto Rico boomed, and the Virgin Islands bloomed, and Jamaica and Bermuda and the Bahamas have grown fat with the crowds disgorged from plump jets and posh cruise ships. But the Dominican Republic has lain fallow, bypassed by wary tourists as if it were a kingdom of cannibals, its citizenry remaining dependent for a thin subsistence on God's fine climate and the ocean to bring in a good sugarcane crop. This happened to the Dominican Republic largely because of the violence of its politics and the stigma of its many years under a dictatorship not noted for encouraging tourism. The settings have not changed. But the outlook is now quite different.

Now, for reasons political and economic, there is hope among Dominicans that the time is nigh when their country will emerge and claim a place in the sun of Caribbean tourism: an Island Paradise, or A Dream Vacation Destination, or perhaps even A Low-Priced Action Package of Fun, Sun and Sea. It should be hastily noted that the time is nigh—not now; maybe five years from now. For now, there is a curiously unpolished and finely imperfect quality to a vacation in the Dominican Republic. There is massive potential, and it is a beautiful, charming, exciting and good-natured place. But it is probably not the ideal trip for the average pampered buyer of Low-Priced Action Packages. Not yet.

Many things, of course, are fully finished. There is the stunning airport terminal at Santo Domingo and the excellent airline service—everyone from Iberia to Viasa and Pan Am is constantly flying in. There is the Embajador Hotel in Santo Domingo, which is strictly of the Miami Beach baroque school of design. It has no access to the sea, its bellmen wear gold swallow-tail uniforms with stripes on the pants and spats on the shoes, its bar specializes in—what else?—banana daiquiris. And there is an unforgettable nightclub called Meson de la Cava. Here one enters a door at the foot of a fantastically tall fig tree and descends a long spiral staircase to the floor level 50 feet below. Looking up, one sees the roots of the tree twisting down the walls; this is a grand underground cavern, now replete with bar and barmaids and a gentle rock band, and occasionally as one sips a Ron Taviárez on ice a drop of moisture may fall from the high stone ceiling where perhaps it has been gathering itself together since the time Columbus first landed on this island of Hispaniola. Recently negotiations were undertaken to turn the Meson de la Cava into a Playboy Club. The negotiations failed, but it was a close call.

Soon enough the world of plastic hedonism will make its mark on the Dominican Republic—but not yet. Jesús Alos, one of the Dominican ballplaying brothers who has made it in the U.S. major leagues, sums it up well when he says: "My country is 30 years behind, but that is why tourists should want to come. We have not been exploited. We have not given away the things that other islands have already lost. We are unspoiled."

True. There are miles of gleaming white sand beaches, and on most of them the surf crashes in as it has for quite a few million years—unheard, unseen by human beings. Occasionally there is a lone thatched hut set back amid deep green groves of coconut palms. Occasionally a couple of tiny brown children will appear to splash in the azure surf, then tumble in the white sand until they seem to be rolled in flour. But such pristine spots can be reached

continued

Sailing into the postcard sunset, Dominican fishermen head for shore along the island's north coast, while in a de la Renta costume suiled to sunshine and seclusion, Cynthia relaxes on the beach near the big Nisibon Ranch.

only by boat or by soul-jolting jeep rides over horrible roads or by wafting in above it all in a helicopter. They are unspoiled but they also are unused and all but unreachable.

There have been no major hotel complexes built outside the towns so far. However, there are plans for a \$30 million three-hotel layout at Puerto Plata on the north coast, and there is talk of a \$17 million project at Macao on the east. There is gossip that Howard Hughes has secretly bought land.

Even if the most promising of all dreams came true tomorrow, the Dominican Republic would not immediately become a tourist mecca. An expert who is involved in the Puerto Plata plan spoke with ruthless cool about the realities of the tourism game: "There is no authentic tourist boom—not a boom—until tens of thousands of people want to visit a place. Secretaries from Trenton and shoe clerks from Norfolk must want desperately to come. For that to happen they must be sold—sold by the travel wholesalers. The big wholesalers like American Express and Diners Club and Thomas Cook and the airlines must promote a country. They must have something to merchandise—package tours and options on the packages, a full range of prices and accommodations. The day will very likely come when the Dominican Republic can be merchandised by the wholesalers and at least begin to boom, but not for a while yet. The country is too far behind."

On May 30 it will be exactly 10 years since Dictator Rafael Trujillo was ambushed in his limousine on Santo Domingo's lovely seaside boulevard, Avenida George Washington. For 30 years he had ruled by terror, and the people celebrated his death; they renamed the street at the point where he died The 30th of May. A long and painful period of chaos and bloodshed followed, culminating in 1965 with a wild street rebellion in Santo Domingo, an

uprising that was finally snuffed out through the intervention of U.S. Marines. Since then the Dominican people have seemed quite drained of the desire for civil war. Twice in the last five years they have cast overwhelming majorities to elect Dr. Joaquín Balaguer as president. It is true that there have been a number of flagrantly political murders committed by terrorists, and that there are menacing mumbles from fierce splinter groups on the left, and that scowling army men in rumpled khaki with submachine guns are everywhere in evidence. But it also is true that there are new Sinclair gas stations, new Coca-Cola billboards, new shopping centers and new North American capital investments worth hundreds of millions since Balaguer's administration began. There is broad agreement that he has brought at least the image of stability and dignity that his country sorely needed.

Balaguer is a tiny, gray sparrow of a man, a former law professor and a bachelor who still lives with his mother, who is 89 years old. When he comes to work in the ornate velvet-draped presidential chambers of the magnificent Italian Renaissance pink marble palace Trujillo built, he habitually wears shiny black shoes, a neat blue suit and an austere necktie. No medals, ribbons, pins or decorations of any kind adorn him. During an interview he will sit, nearly lost, in the corner of a brocaded French provincial couch and will speak in a soft, almost shy, schoolteacher's voice. He is a politician, so he does not speak frequently in specifics or quotable promises. He says, "We will do all that we can to encourage tourism in our country. We hope to install roads and landing strips and the systems to allow expansion of our tourist potential."

But it is Balaguer's aura of confidence and tranquility, more than any grand commitment of government pesos, that will encourage grand investments in the new tourism of his land. The Dominican Republic is ripe, but for what?

Perhaps an answer to what good could happen lies in the unlikely environs of La Romana, a sugar mill town in the boondocks of the southeast end of the Dominican Republic. This is a community of 30,000 souls, most of whom sleep, eat, breathe, get married and perhaps even die by the seasonal cycles of the gargantuan sugar mill there—a mill owned by a U.S. conglomerate, Gulf + Western. The mill is one of the world's largest producers of raw sugar (330,000 tons a year) and it looms over the whole district like a giant Erector Set. The holdings of Gulf + Western reach much farther than the shadow of the mill, however—far out into the countryside past 250,000 acres of sugarcane fields and lush pasture land for beef cattle and thoroughbred horses, far out over 230 miles of railroad and countless miles of rutted oxcart lanes and millions of square yards of oceanfront and riverfront and jungle brush. Gulf + Western owns the hospital, a school, quite a lot of homes and the Hotel La Romana, along with the airport, the loading docks, a rodeo arena and a splendid white beach adjacent to a picturesque old fishing village.



Happily, all of this sweet conglomeration has fallen under the enthusiastic administration of a jaunty, relaxed little man of uncommon insight and admirable imagination. He is Alvaro Carta, 43, Cuban-born but now an American citizen. He has been successful in sugar for years. In 1964 he moved in as an executive of the South Puerto Rico Sugar Co., which had operated the La Romana mill for nearly 50 years; in 1967 he took the company under Gulf + Western's ever-spreading umbrella, becoming president. And now, with high spirits and absolute confidence, Alvaro Carta espouses an enlightened businessman's philosophy. "All they thought about here was sugar, sugar, sugar. Well, dammit, these days if you don't use your corporation money and power to help people, you're an s.o.b. My idea here is to divest and diversify. I don't even care if I end up with any stock, we're not trying to Americanize this company, we're trying to Dominicanize it. We're moving more Dominicans into top jobs. We're arranging financing so working people can buy stock—not only ours, either. These are people who never even understood what a share of stock was all about before."

There is more than a modicum of self-interest in the enlightenment, for if the day should come when a Dominican government should choose to seize and nationalize any industries, it is not likely a company closely identified with the pesos of the people would be too badly hurt. Quite candidly Alvaro says, "It is one of those nice situations where you help yourself by helping others."

The unlikely idea to create a Dominican Riviera in a sugar mill town grew from the conversion only last summer of the company's rather lavish quarters for bachelor and transient executives into a resort hotel with 30 rooms and cabanas. "La Romana was a dead turkey before; people in the capital thought of it as a wasteland," says Alvaro Carta. "Now already it's the in place and they are coming to spend their weekends. We haven't even put in an ad." As a result, a new 32-room addition was added within the past month, and the dynamic Señor Carta has visions of the Riviera dancing in his head.

"Yes, I could foresee a very huge highway here in 10 years," he says. "But we are not going to hurry. Expansion will be gradual and natural. There will be no honky-tonky. We will have no casinos. We will retain the Dominican culture; the character of this country will be exposed, not buried under some kind of Las Vegas-Miami Beach nonsense. Gulf + Western has 3,000 acres of waterfront here. For every one acre we develop for tourists we will leave three acres natural. Forever. In perpetuity!"

Even without such a noble charter, La Romana is likely to remain an undeniably original Caribbean resort, for that grand sugar mill hovers at the hotel's very gate, and from December through July the place grinds 24 hours a day. It is a sight—and sound—unforgettable. Then, too, there are the rodeos, with strapping black cowboys in from the *porrero*, fresh from the Nisibon and Peligro cat-

tle ranches and the branding of those hulking Romana Reds, each hauling a massive pistol at his belt (which even Gulf + Western vice-presidents are wont to do when they venture to some of the firm's more remote holdings). There is marlin fishing and bonito fishing and tarpon fishing and, perhaps best, snook fishing in the Chavón River, a meandering, tranquil stream that flows down to the Caribbean through green canyons full of flapping herons and gliding parrots. One rents a fisherman's *yola* and rows serenely upriver, casting into shaded pools beneath the vines that droop from trees on shore. There are dazzling coral reefs for snorkelers off Catalina Island and, at 75 feet or so, magnificent reefs and rifts where spearfishing for lobsters is like grabbing frogs in a rain barrel.

Eventually, Carta plans a dude ranch near the hotel; one may helicopter over the hills to the rolling cattle lands, there to ride horseback along a beach and see neither another human nor another horse for a full five-mile stretch.

Perhaps the single brightest star in the La Romana crown will be its golf course, an 18-hole seaside layout designed by Pete Dye of Hilton Head fame. It is being painstakingly constructed. Each fairway will be lined with lovely pink coral fences carefully piked by hand like those rock walls marking aged Connecticut farms. It is a native coral called *dientes del perro*, which means "teeth of the dog." Seven holes will parallel the sea, and the area will be luxuriously landscaped with sea grape and hundreds of almond, cashew nut and teak trees. Pete Dye is unashamedly ecstatic. "When Alvaro showed me this land I told him, 'I think I can build a course here that will draw the attention of the world.' This is a once-in-a-lifetime chance, I tell you. I've always loved using the natural materials at hand. Instead of formal landscaping and homes between the fairways and along the course, we're going to plant indigenous crops that the people will actually cultivate and harvest. Yes, sir, peppers and pineapple, tomatoes and citrus trees and sugarcane and even pasture grass for the thoroughbreds and the Romana Reds. When people play this course, they'll know they're in the Dominican Republic—it'll be all around them, natural as can be!"

Well, Puerto Rico boomed and the Virgin Islands bloomed and, perhaps, the Dominican Republic's turn has come. La Romana is still an unsophisticated company town and you can't buy suntan lotion or dark glasses or a pair of sneakers there yet. The government still insists that oil drums be lined up across the Gulf + Western airstrip at night and that an army man stand guard with a machete—just in case, just in case. But perhaps Alvaro Carta is right when he says, "There will be a tourist boom in this country and everyone is going to be better off within five years."

Indeed, maybe by then the wholesalers will be pushing A Low-Priced Action Package of Sun, Fun & Tarpon Fishing in the Dominican Republic.

END

An Irish Carr moves into high gear

And mighty UCLA thought it had been hit by a wild dump truck



CARR NETS ONE FOR THE HOME TEAM

It was almost as if he had been lying in the weeds, just waiting for this moment, as if he had been pacing himself all these days, measuring the time before he would show college basketball what he was really like, that what it had been hearing for three years now was true. It was a propitious occasion, naturally—his school's football team having successfully concluded its chores against a No. 1 opponent, his own abilities having been questioned due to two subpar, losing performances in the last 11 days; the big game being on national TV. It was, finally, a simple case of Austin Carr against UCLA—towering, omnipotent, No. 1 UCLA—and of Carr throwing his head back, his chin out and admonishing his past tormentors in the manner of that eminent philosopher, Flip Wilson: Bruins? "What you see is what you get."

Oh, there had been other games when Carr had felt possessed enough to turn it on for Notre Dame. That one against South Carolina in the finals of the Sugar Bowl tournament last year, for instance. "The perfect game," his coach, Johnny Dee—among others—called it then after Carr had made 19 of 24 field goals, scored 43 points, had six rebounds and 11 assists, played strong defense on John Roche and did not commit a single turnover. There was that 61-point thing he laid on Ohio U. in the NCAA tournament last March, the one that broke Bill Bradley's single-game tournament record. "I gave him a free hand; maybe he overdid it," said Dee that time. Then, too, there were those matches against Kentucky: last season, when he scored 52 and 43 in two losing games, this year, when his 50-point spree at Louisville was enough for the Irish to win 99-92 and enough, also, to show that he could be at his best against the best. Or was it enough?

Was Carr's grand junior season—in which he averaged 38.1 points a game, shot 55% from the floor and once, in an eight-day period, scored 110 points against the three best teams in the land—really enough? Or did Austin Carr need something else to finally accomplish what he wanted most, something a man could really sink his teeth into: say, a 46-point wrecking job that would fire the Irish to an 89-82 victory over UCLA? Something like that.

"We really had them scouted," said

Carr after last Saturday afternoon's show in South Bend. "They did all the same things we thought they were going to do. Our fans helped, of course. They whip it up pretty good."

Carr did much of the whipping-up on his own, and did it with a touch of everything: breaking the fearsome UCLA zone press, hurling baskets in from outside, flipping them up from inside, throwing some while turning and falling out of bounds, driving for others through the trampled UCLA front line. He sprung loose on that jettison move of his off the break, hitting open men when he himself was swarmed under. He got rebounds, made steals, embarrassed four defenders, fouled out Sidney Wicks and finished with 15 of the last 17 Irish points. What Austin Carr did, as any old Golden Dome could have told us, was wake up the echoes and shake down the thunder all by himself.

Before Saturday, UCLA had won 14 straight games, 19 in a row over two years, 48 consecutive nonconference battles and, of course, those four consecutive NCAA titles. But the weekend, obviously, was not made for the Bruins. Their trip into South Bend was hardly the relaxing type of journey a team would need to combat what Carr had wrought. The Bruins came by bus from Chicago after a sloppy win Friday night over Loyola 87-62. But the bus driver got lost ("Somebody said we went 45 miles out of the way," said Coach John Wooden) and the team, sleepy and angry, did not arrive until 3 a.m. More important, Wooden knew, UCLA was just not ready. "We're not sharp and we're not hungry," he said on the bus. "We'd better be against Notre Dame or we're going to lose. Ours is a veteran team, and with so much success it's hard to talk to them about winning more. I feel like I'm talking to a stone wall."

Dee, meanwhile, was having his own problems. Notre Dame, with an 8-4 record, had been defeated by Marquette and Duquesne on the road in two of its last three games, and Carr (who made only 13 of 36 shots against the Dukes) had been pressing. The coach realized, however, that UCLA had not been shooting well from outside either, that the Bruins had been winning with Wicks, Curtis Rowe and Steve Patterson crashing the offensive board and outrebounding their opponents by an average of 15

a game. "We only need help in the trenches," he said. "If Pleick [John] and Catlett [Sid] show up to play, we'll be all right."

The Irish held a team meeting Friday, each man having his say about what was wrong. "I thought I was handling the ball too much," said Carr. "I told the rest to just play their games, to take their shots. UCLA outscored us 11-1 in the first two minutes last year [when Notre Dame lost in Los Angeles 108-77] and we were embarrassed. This time we just wanted to start fast and keep our concentration."

The Irish streaked to a 10-3 lead, starting almost as fast as their followers in the crowd, who held up the banner of the week: "Rowe, Rowe, Rowe Your Wicks, Gently up the Bibby"—and roared constantly as the pep band played the Notre Dame fight song 17 times.

With Carr smoking and the unheralded Pleick battling for his life underneath, Notre Dame pushed its lead to 13 points, 37-24, with about five minutes to go. Wooden had long since abandoned the press, which the Irish had shredded by flooding the deep zone against Wicks. ("I'd hoped they'd use it the whole game," Dee was to say later. "We'd have killed them.") But UCLA came back on some jumpers by Henry Bibby, cut the deficit to 43-38 by halftime and then tied the game at 47-all with 16:40 left.

By then, though Collis Jones was doing a magnificent job keeping Wicks away from the basket, Notre Dame's other big men, Pleick and Catlett, had four fouls apiece. But it was time for Carr to go into his specialty act—two magical mystery tours down the lane for layups after steals. Notre Dame led by five then, and the Bruins never caught up as Wooden—bereft of Terry Schofield, the defender who had injured an elbow after doing the best job on Carr—threw a whole bunch of Kenny Bookers, Larry Hollyfields and even one Sidney Wicks at Carr in an attempt at closure.

Ultimately, it was the Bruins' inability to handle the elusive Carr that cost them the game. After Carr had been carried away on several hundred shoulders to cut the nets down, Wooden spoke. "There is no one to compare with him man-to-man," he said. "They outplayed us, they were more spirited. But we are a better team."

continued

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That may hold for later, but a more accurate appraisal of the day came when I left the game when Wicks—saddled with four previous fouls and non-guarding Carr outside—slipped at the Notre Dame star's dribble from behind. He missed the ball, but Carr's arm and was out of the game. "I told you, Coach," Wicks screamed at Wooden as he came to the bench. "I told you not to put me on him. I told you." What Sidney saw is what he got.

THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

MIDWEST Notre Dame was not UCLA's only problem in the Midwest. The Bruins even had a little trouble stopping Loyola (2-11). The Chicago team threw a box-and-chase at the Bruins, held Henry Bibbs to one basket and served a 31-27 lead. Then UCLA's big men surrounded it? LaRue Martin, their only competitor on the boards, and lorded him over. Said Loyola Coach George Ireland, "Once those guys get loose under the basket, you're out of business. You could hit, email with a club and they still wouldn't fall over."

Undeterred Marquette survived a scare from undersized, underdog De Paul. The Demons, leading in one stage by 12 points, were still ahead at halftime 35-13. But then the Warriors found the right warpath. They outscored De Paul 40-16 in the second half and won 73-31.

To stay in it with Kansas you have to hit those 15-footers," Iowa State's Glen Anderson said. About 55% of them, he might have added. On maybe 60. As it was, Kansas annihilated the Cyclones 83-53. Oklahoma State Coach Sam Aubrey subscribed to the same theory so thoroughly that he pulled even his frontcourt men outside, hoping to draw out Kansas mountaineers Dave Robisch and Roger Brown. That worked so well that Kansas won only 90-55, running up the highest point total ever scored against Oklahoma State. The Jayhawkers have now won 22 straight at home, the longest streak ever at the house Phog Allen built.

Drake defeated Louisville 84-78 in a big football-game sort of finale. With four seconds to go and the score 78-80, Drake Coach Maury John was on his knees drawing a plan with chalk on the floor. Time out. As Jeff Halliburton, throwing the ball in, faked a left in the wrong direction, Dave Wickland, a seldom-used sub, broke into a post-

game fly pattern. He missed on his 19th shot, the bomb, Wickland laid it out just as he was cluttered and Drake won. In the melee that followed, all I dared Wickland could say was, "Did I make it? Did I make it?" Not only did he make it, when order finally was restored and the teams were brought back from their drowsing rooms and the basketball from storage, he went to the foul line and made a foul shot, too.

1. MARQUETTE (14-0) 2. KANSAS (12-1)

WEST I mired in the usual seven-on-seve warfare with arch-rivals Utah and Brigham Young, Utah State escaped near-gripings to roll on to a 15-2 record. Against Utah at Salt Lake City, the Aggies lost playmaker Jeff Tebbis with a ruptured eye blood vessel in the first four minutes and the Utes, who led by 13 points after 15 minutes, were shutting out the heads with their man-to-man. Then Coach LaDell Anderson plugged in a speed-kill offense and Nate Williams immediately hit some phenomenal shots. Williams scored 30 points, Matt Roberts 30, superb from March 20, and the Happy Valley folk of Utah State went home 102-92 winners.

BY U worked all week on a highly original defense, a triangle zone under the basket plus a man-on-man for Roberts and Williams that locked the running. U tags into a tight defensive struggle. But Roberts scored 18, Hatch 16, and Williams swished a 30-footer with two seconds left. Final score 72-70.

While USC was idle, Oregon (10-2) defeated Washington State 95-68, and Oregon State lost to Washington 93-86 an overtime. Idaho State (7-8), using a full-court press, led the Big Sky Conference after defeating Weber State 67-65. Weber also lost at Seattle 74-70 as Willie Sommerer, getting his usual 25 points, again looked lonesome.

1. USC (14-0) 2. UCLA (14-0)

EAST In Philadelphia's noisy Palestra, unbeaten Penn downed 14th-ranked Villanova 78-70 for its 15th straight victory. As a standing-room crowd of 9,200 vibrated approval or dismay, the Quakers' stout offense, led by Guard Steve Binko, forced Villanova out of three different zones—a 1-2-2, a box-and-one and a triangle-and-two on Bob Moore and Dave Wohl. The win was the more impressive because Villanova shot 55%, and led 39-34 at the half. But when the Quakers got the creams into a man-to-man, it was their game. "I was almost amazed at the man-to-man," Binko said disdainfully. "Maybe they thought we'd hold the ball."

Shooting only 26 for 82, Penn also belted Temple, administrative of Fordham's only loss. Craig Littlepage, who had a lot of big nights in high school but found obscurity

at Penn, scored six points of his 17 from—covering the average 30 shots per minute) in his team game 67-48.

Villanova beat St. Bonaventure center by 40-67, clinched with Matt Gault (back on the Bonnies' lineup). Home Pointe (who pulled down 18 rebounds and scored 22 points) and Hank Stenmarkowski held Bonaventure's leading scorer, Greg Gary, to only 14 points.

Marquette won its 11th without a loss, by beating Boston U., but the Redemptorists fell to Providence by one point. When they missed three shots in the last 10 seconds, one was by Julius Irving, the team's seventh leading scorer, who was held to 19 points. The Friars' sophomore prodigy DeKegaw, scored 33 and set up numerous baskets.

Despite it, beginning to look like the team it should have been two years ago, beat St. Bonaventure by a whopping 99-68 margin for the Dukes' sixth straight (including Monday's win in overtime over Notre Dame). Jamett Durham led the Duke with 25 points, 10 of them during a 16-point spurt that put the game away.

La Salle picked up wins over Newburg 96-79 and Lafayette 93-82.

1. PENN (10-0) 2. LA SALLE (12-1)

SOUTH Murray State's Through-the-Birds, packed to show but never to win, handed Western Kentucky its second straight defeat 73-71 with 17 seconds left and broke an Oldham Hilltopper winning streak in the Ohio Valley Conference.

In white pin-striped coat, blood-red shirt and red half-bottom pants to match, Murray's new head coach, Joe Williams, returned to Jacksonville to play the team he had taken to the NCAA Finals last year. His squad was also in hell-bottoms, hoping, perhaps, to blind the Jacksonville players. But the much-labeled Dolphins were hardly dazzled and Williams' former assistant, Tom Washin, had to serve bottom to hold the score down to 94-60. Little Mercer University, however, cast as another of KU's joke victims, rallied to within six points with three minutes to play before dying 93-76.

With Jimmy England hitting 12 of 17 from the field and Don Johnson 9 of 17, Tennessee picked off Alabama at Tuscaloosa 79-62. Kentucky edged LSU at Baton Rouge 82-70, advancing its record to 11-1. LSU cut a 14-point Kentucky lead to one point with 30 seconds to play, and had the ball but Al Sanders, otherwise a hero with 24 points, had a shot blocked with seconds to go. Kentucky recovered and sank two foul shots for the winning margin.

Virginia, entering the exam break with an 11-2 record, had the best overall record in the powerful Atlantic Coast Conference

1. TENN (12-0) 2. JACKSONVILLE 12-21

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Coming Through.





Last October, Christos Papanicolaou became the first to vault 18 feet, but it takes more than a world record to become a Greek hero

Wait-listed for the pantheon

Dick Raulshack, a Californian who is one of the best U.S. pole vaulters, telephoned Christos Papanicolaou in Athens the other day. "Congratulations on your world record," he said and proceeded to invite Papanicolaou to Los Angeles to train with him for two months. Pole vaulting is no longer the exclusive province of such flamboyant Americans as John Pennel and Bob Scaggen. Indeed, in 1970 the event was dominated by less dazzling, more single-minded Europeans like Wolfgang Nordwig of East Germany, Renato Dionisi of Italy, François Tracanelli of France and Papanicolaou. If Raulshack wanted a world-class training partner, he was obliged to seek him overseas.

Although the winter months are chilly and damp in Athens, Papanicolaou could not be tempted to leave for California. Sitting in his small modern apartment a

few days after Raulshack called, he said with some vehemence, "I lead a regulated life. I cannot interrupt my schedule. Besides, I have injured my hand and need to visit a therapeutic specialist on Cyprus." He held up his left hand, which, since he is a left-handed vaulter, is his push-off hand, and pointed to a slight swelling around the knuckle of his forefinger. "I want to compete in America in February," he said, "and I must be in top shape for that."

Papanicolaou had just come home from the University of Athens, where he is a physics instructor, and was resting before his afternoon workout. He sat behind a desk facing two tall glass cases filled with silver trophies, medals and a Parker pen embedded in a silk-lined box. On the wall at his back were a pair of landscapes painted by his mother and the certificate he received for his

fourth-place vault (17' 6½")—behind Scaggen, Claus Schiprowski and Nordwig—at the Mexico City Olympics. His feet rested on a shaggy rug made in Trikala, 220 miles northwest of Athens, where he was born 29 years ago and where his forebears had been priests.

"In Greek *papa* means priest," he explained. "My father's grandfather was Papa Nikolas. Later the name was changed to Papanicolaou." His father used to teach literature in high school; now retired, he sings in a church choir.

Papanicolaou took up vaulting during his senior year in high school. "One day the teacher asked me to vault just for the point, since the other team had a vaulter," he recalled. "I did 10 feet and liked it." He put up a bar between his home and the factory behind it and cut a branch for a pole. "One day I vaulted 12 feet," he said blithely.

Although he soon switched to fiberglass poles, his progress was unexceptional. Six years afterward, at the Tokyo Olympics, he only cleared 14' 5½", which got him 18th place. The following year he met George Dules, then the track coach at Western Michigan, who was visiting Greece. The outcome was that Papanicolaou got a three-month scholarship. "It was very difficult for me," he said. "I spoke very little English and I didn't have any friends in Kalamazoo." However, he was determined to continue his education in the U.S.; you need a foreign degree to teach physics at Athens U.

In 1966, at the pre-Olympic games in Mexico City, Papanicolaou had another fortuitous meeting, this one with Bud Winter, at the time the track coach at San Jose State. As a result Papanicolaou spent three years at San Jose getting his degree. "I learned to have a goal in America," he said. "It was to break the world record, and I knew it would happen. I dreamed about it the night before I did it." Last season Papanicolaou selected five meets at which he would try to break the record (17' 11") and top 18 feet. At the last, a dual meet between Athens and Belgrade held in Karaiskakis Stadium near Piraeus on Oct. 24, he made his dream come true just as dusk was falling. The bar was at 5.49 meters (18' ½") and Papanicolaou, who had cleared 16' 6" and 17' 1" on his earlier attempts just as he had dreamed he would, waited at the end of the blue Tartan runway for the nose of an airplane to fade away. "Usually I mind the

continued

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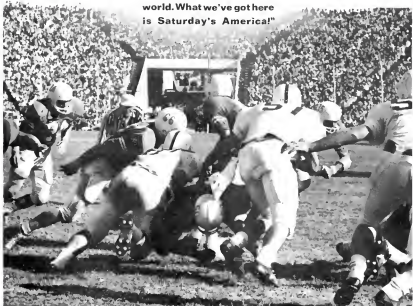
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noise," he said, "but this time it didn't bother me. I had confidence. I took off and I noticed that I was over the bar when I flipped the pole. I looked at the people. Everything seemed to have stopped for me at that moment. Then I landed in the pit. I was screaming."

Only 6,000 people witnessed the record vault. However, since that October evening it seems to Papanicolaou that he has been introduced to at least twice as many. He has been the guest of honor at innumerable receptions and banquets; he has been awarded medals, his bust, in marble, will be erected in Trikala; newspapers have reported his engagement to a certain beauty, despite the fact that he has said he would not think of marrying until he won a gold medal in Munich.

At 4 p.m. Papanicolaou drove his rugged Alfa Romeo Giulia 1300 to Karaiskakis Stadium, where he trains. Frowning, chewing gum, he toiled through the heavy traffic of modern downtown Athens, past the remaining columns of the Olympieion and the side roads that lead to the Acropolis. "All we have in Greece is an old story," he said. "We should build something like that today. But I like living in Greece. I like it quiet. There are no demonstrations here. And the people are friendlier than the people in the U.S. Here they care about you. In the U.S. everybody is working so hard. I don't like to work from morning till night. I like to live comfortably, and life in Greece is more com-

fortable if you have some money. I want to become a commercial representative for American companies. I am comfortable now, but I want more. I want a house in the mountains near Athens and the ocean." A Jaguar sedan passed and Papanicolaou pointed at it. "I want that car," he exclaimed. "But the latest model, I like to buy things."

At Karaiskakis Stadium, Papanicolaou nodded to Mihaly Igloi, the Hungarian who left California last summer to coach Greece's long-distance runners. "He never misses his training," said Igloi who, if possible, is even more of an egotist than Papanicolaou. "He works very hard. Only my boys train harder."

Papanicolaou began his three-hour workout with three young vaulters who strove to imitate his every move, but he always looked smoother, more stylish, whether doing handstands and flips or practicing pole plants. And he was no longer frowning. He laughed like a child at play. His good humor even inspired him to propose a rare night on the town.

He wore a well-tailored gray suit, a clinging lace shirt and a bright tie when he arrived at O Kostogianis, his favorite restaurant in Plaka, the old part of Athens, with his girl friend Iro. "Chubby, chubby, Mister I love you," he was singing. Papanicolaou and Iro were joined by friends: Dimitris Constandoulis, a former teammate who once held the Greek record for 1,000 meters, and Eva and Ira, Iro's girl friends. Papanicolaou went into the kitchen to shake

hands with the chefs while a waiter obtained a big table for the celebrated guest simply by sending four disgruntled customers off with their plates and glasses to a smaller one. Papanicolaou took his seat at the head of the table. "Every day, I eat steak," he said. "For lunch and dinner always steak. Tonight I'm going to eat something else." He chose a *kykeon* made of hashed beef spiced with garlic and a *side* from the restaurant's own vineyard. Iro attentively handed him things from the table so he never had to reach. "Doesn't he look like President Nixon?" she said. Papanicolaou looked pleased.

Immediately after dinner he announced his departure. "I do not like to stay out late," he said. "Tomorrow I play volleyball at 10 a.m."

"He is very delicate," confided Iro. "He is very complicated. But he is a good boy and very simple."

Eva, Ira and Dimitris decided to go to a nightclub where Yannis Voyatzis, the Greek equivalent of Tom Jones, so enraptured his audience that full champagne glasses and white flowers were flung at his feet. "Yannis sings that the Greek guys are really tough," Ira said. "They are. Christos is a typical Greek. He wants to be a real man, and he thinks to be one you have to be krrrrr." Old men in business suits wobbled onto the stage and danced the *setaka*. "Christos loved to do this dance," said Dimitris, "but now he only talks about the Olympics. He wants to be a hero."

In a country where heroes are made by time, Papanicolaou's long-range single-mindedness is understandable. "We have had other heroes in Greece," says his former coach, Otto Szymczek. "Heroes like Spoudon Loues, who won the marathon in the first Olympic Games. He really became a hero. 'Do it like Loues' is still a saying in Greece. Another hero is Demetrios Tofalos, who was a weight lifter at the 1906 Athens Olympics. 'He is like Tofalos,' the Greeks say of a strong man. The pole vault was always a popular event in Greece. In 1956 Georgios Roubanis [who studied at Occidental and UCLA] won the bronze medal. You cannot jump from the sky. You must get roots somewhere. Papanicolaou is the last link in a chain of good pole vaulters. He is very stubborn and spares no effort, but only time will show whether he has the makings of a hero."

END



WITH THE HELP OF A TEAMMATE, PAPANICOLAOU CLIMBS KARAISSAKIS STADIUM STEPS

Goodbye to the Alka-Seltzer and Aspirin Bowl

In the past, teams got up for the Pro Bowl in cocktail lounges, but this year the game was between clubs representing the two old leagues and therefore a matter of pride. In the end, the NFL was the prouder

If there were any lingering doubts about the superiority of the old National Football League over the old—but not as old—American Football League, they must have been quelled after the first Pro Bowl game matching All-Star squads from the two leagues—or, rather, the two conferences. Most of the old NFL now makes up the National Conference; the American Conference is the old AFL plus Baltimore, Cleveland and Pittsburgh. Last weekend the NFC beat the AFC 27-6 in Los Angeles, and although two fourth-quarter punt returns do not exactly add up to a shellacking, even the most rabid AFC rooster would be hard put to claim parity for his league—or conference—after this game.

The result underlined a superiority that has been evident all season as the two leagues met each other for the first time in games that count in the standings. If you regard Baltimore, Cleveland and Pittsburgh as NFL teams, which you should since they've been in the AFC only one year and were formed and matured in the NFL, the two leagues met in 62 games, including postseason playoffs. Of these 62, the NFL won 41, lost 19 and tied two. Seven NFL teams went undefeated against AFL rivals and no AFL team was better than even against NFL competition. Only four AFL clubs managed to bat .500—Denver, Miami, Oakland and Kansas City.

Ten of the NFL losses were accounted for by Pittsburgh, Atlanta and New Orleans. Pittsburgh is the only old club in the NFL that has never won so much as a division championship, and Atlanta and New Orleans are expansion teams and therefore even newer than most of the teams in the AFL. So AFL clubs actually won just nine games against the strength of the NFL.

Only the three above teams were under .500 against AFL competition, while 12 NFL teams won more than they lost and two were even. No AFL team shut out an NFL team, while the NFL shut out the AFL eight times and prevented AFL teams from scoring a touchdown in 15 games.

Al Davis, Oakland's managing general partner, expressed the feeling of most AFLers. "You can't judge the comparative quality of the leagues on the basis of only one season," he said before the Pro Bowl. "You'll have to watch them over a period of years."

Over the next few years the teams will even out, since they now take part in a common draft. The NFL built its superiority in head-on competition with the AFL when the leagues were at war. Only a few of the AFL clubs were serious competition for the NFL reentrants and they are the ones that now dominate the conference.

"You must consider one other factor," says an NFL coach. "The AFL teams played only two or three really tough games a season. Now they must play six or seven and they aren't geared mentally or physically for it. The NFL teams are used to playing tough opponents nearly every Sunday."

This is not to say that the better AFL teams aren't as good as any NFL club, as the New York Jets and Kansas City demonstrated in the 1969 and 1970 Super Bowls. Some idea of how the talent is concentrated in the AFC was shown in the distribution of the players on its Pro Bowl squad. Two teams—Kansas City with 10 and Oakland with eight—provided nearly half the 41-man squad. Two teams—Buffalo and Boston—had only one player each on the team. Six other teams provided two players apiece. In the NFC, only three teams had as

few as two players. The Minnesota Vikings had the most—seven.

In previous years, when the Pro Bowl matched All-Star teams from the Eastern and Western Conferences of the NFL, the players approached the game with notable nonchalance. The week before the game was usually one of revelry, punctuated by undemanding practice sessions, and in the game itself the players let it all hang over, not out.

But this year both squads approached the game seriously. "In other years I would use up three big bottles of Alka-Seltzer," said George Menece, the Los Angeles Rams' trainer who has worked with Pro Bowl teams for years. "I'd hand out about 500 aspirin tablets, too. They needed help before they could work out. This year I've used up only about a third of a bottle of Alka-Seltzer and 50 aspirin tablets."

"You can feel the excitement," said Fran Tarkenton, the New York Giant who shared NFC signal-calling duties with San Francisco's John Brodie. "It's a matter of pride and I think we're all aware that we represent the league this year."

"We've had exceptional concentration at practice," said John Madden, the head coach of the Oakland Raiders, who coached the AFC squad. "The players really worked hard."

The game itself confirmed the NFC's seasonal edge. Neither Dick Nolan, the San Francisco head coach, who had the NFC squad, nor Madden had time to put in any drills, so the offenses were simple and depended for their success on strength and execution.

The conferences agreed beforehand to use only man-to-man defenses, and for the first time they allowed blitzes. Consequently, the game was decided largely upon the outcome of individual match-

ups, and the NFL won most of those, especially in pass coverage.

The game started slowly, both clubs testing each other through an inconclusive first quarter, but even this early, with Brodie at quarterback, the NFC moved the ball more surely than did the AFC under Daryle Lamonica. The NFC's first drive earned 48 yards to a missed field goal, and the significant play was a 33-yard pass from Brodie to his 49er teammate, Gene Washington. Washington was being covered by Jim Marsalis of Kansas City, one of the best bump-and-run cornerbacks, but Washington shrugged off his bump, gained a step on him on the run and caught the perfectly thrown ball in full stride.

Brodie was given excellent protection on the play, which permitted him to wait for Washington to overcome Marsalis' bump. "The bump and run upsets your timing," Brodie said after the game, "but we were getting good blocking and we could wait for the receivers to break open most of the time."

Brodie completed only 10 of his 26 passes, but one was for 23 yards and a touchdown to Minnesota's Dave Osborn early in the second half. Knowing that the AFC had to stay in man-to-man coverage, he called a pattern that isolated Osborn on Andy Russell, the right linebacker who plays for the Steelers. Osborn beat Russell badly, putting the NFC ahead to stay, 10-3.

The touchdown was set up by another long pass to Washington and again the line held strongly, giving Washington time to beat Zeke Moore of Houston, who shared the right cornerback spot with Willie Brown of Oakland. When Moore was in the game the NFC quarterbacks threw into his territory often and successfully; when Brown played that corner they largely avoided him.

Lamonica, on the other hand, was under severe pressure, as was Bob Griese, the Dolphin quarterback, who played the second quarter and most of the fourth. Lamonica was frequently harried into forcing his passes and he completed but four of 21. Under pressure on the first series after the NFC touchdown, Lamonica threw behind Warren Wells, and Mel Renfro tipped the ball into the hands of teammate Fred Carr, the Green Bay linebacker. Carr returned the interception to the AFC 24, and four plays later Fred Cox of Minnesota kicked a 35-yard field goal to up the score to 13-3.

The AFC made only one more serious threat and that came after a fumble recovery on the NFC nine. From there Lamonica tried three passes. The first was almost intercepted. The second, to Fred Biletnikoff, was apparently a touchdown, but an official ruled that Biletnikoff had caught the ball out of bounds. After the game Biletnikoff said, "I know that I was in bounds. I think they missed my stutter step. My practice is to catch the ball, then look down at my feet and I was in bounds."

Those who watched the replay on TV saw that Biletnikoff was absolutely right. A touchdown at this juncture might have given the AFC hope, but Lamonica missed Wells on his third pass and the AFC had to settle for Jan Stenerud's second field goal.

Rich Jackson, Denver's defensive end, felt that the Biletnikoff call was largely responsible for the NFC win. "That took the heart out of us," he said sadly. He may have been right: the AFC never advanced beyond the NFC 45 after that.

The fourth period was by far the most exciting and this was wholly due to the heroics of Renfro, the Dallas cornerback who doubles as a punt returner. Jerrel Wilson, the AFC punter, had to hurry a kick after a bad pass from center and he got off a line drive that Renfro fielded on the bounce at the NFC 18. He shed by the first wave of defenders, cut to the left sideline, slid behind a block by Dick Butkus on Zeke Moore and stumbled into the end zone to complete an 82-yard return.

Ten minutes later Renfro fielded another punt on the NFC 44, again fled past the first few tacklers, cut to his right and scored easily after angling across the field. On this run he got a key block from Cecil Turner of the Bears on Wilson, the last player with a chance to catch him. The two touchdowns made the score 27-6, which was the way it ended.

"I don't think this is a true test of the strengths of both conferences," Rich Jackson said after the game, and Coach Madden agreed. "There are no conclusions to be drawn from the game," he said.

Madden and Jackson are right. There are no conclusions to be drawn on the basis of one game, but when the one game is added to all the others played last season it looks as if the NFC is, and the NFL was, a stronger league than the AFL was, or the AFC is.

lover's lane



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In the five years since he retired among the lofty palms and exquisitely tangled mangroves of Port Charlotte, Fla., Ray Walton's age and golf score have eased onto a potential collision course, the one having climbed to 64 while the other was dropping, if less surely, toward 80. Walton relishes the full, carefree, convenient life he now leads: full because the balmy climate allows him to play golf in all seasons; carefree because no job intrudes on his game, convenient because his three-bedroom home borders on the Port Charlotte Country Club, whose billowing fairways—"my 150-acre backyard," he says with a proprietary air—beckon from just beyond the kitchen door.

Having elected to spend the remainder of his days in so genial a setting, Walton wastes only the most fleeting, nostalgic sentiments on the workaday world he used to inhabit as a production superintendent at General Motors' huge Frigidaire plant in Dayton. His 37 years with GM were pleasant enough, but Walton found himself increasingly taking the worries of the job home with him. Those cares were routed at last by the move to Florida, where the tranquility of his days is now disturbed only by the golf balls that occasionally crash through his windows from the 4th fairway, which is just a duck hook away.

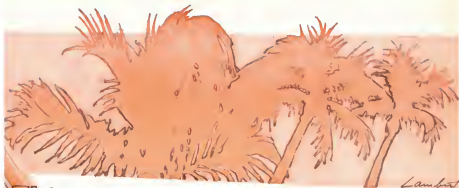
"I'm enjoying every minute of my retirement—it's more than I bargained for," says Walton, an energetic, tautly built fellow whose sharp features are softened

continued

Working at a Life of Leisure

The retirement dream dawns as a reality, every day is just for play, and sport is the tie that truly binds in this sunlit haven for the golfer, boater, angler
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LEISURE: retirement

by a youthful tan, his years betrayed only by the flowy whiteness of his brush cut. Granted, a few wrinkles flare from the eyes, but these might just as easily have been caused by the laughter that scans his face during hours passed in hearty fellowship with his golfing pals, most of whom, like himself, migrated to Port Charlotte in hopes of leading the good life relatively late in life.

Difficult as it is to imagine today, Port Charlotte, which is among the most successful of the planned retirement towns that have proliferated in Florida and elsewhere, existed 15 years ago as empty cattle country overgrown with palmetto scrubs and virgin saw grass. This it is at once new, being a Gulf Coast boomtown with orderly rows of white-roofed houses and sunbaked shopping centers, and old, because the demography of its 19,000 souls includes only a smattering of young couples. Without either a downtown that might honestly qualify it as a city, or a big neighbor that might certify it as a suburb—the nearest city of any size is Fort Myers, 30 miles down the coast—Port Charlotte has its own reality, its citizens secure in their isolation no less than in their homogeneity.

It is as if these people had caught themselves shipping willy-nilly into their twilight years and, being with rare exceptions white, middle-class and wholly unaccustomed to the kind of minority status that old age automatically confers, had banded together to create their own new majority. In the process they have not so much fled from responsibility, regimentation and routine as they have substituted new forms of these that find their echo in the old. Instead of being obligated to some employer, for instance, Ray Walton is now beholden to half a dozen fourmeses with whom he regularly golfs. Spared the rush-hour traffic

he had to fight back in Dayton, he now faces the great iam of electric golf carts that forms before every club tournament. No longer competing in business, he still competes, and no less intensely, in golf.

There is no way to overstate the importance of the game in these, Walton's retirement years. He generally gets in 18 holes every morning and occasionally sneaks in another nine in late afternoon. Between rounds he practices his putting in the air-conditioned comfort of his home—the carpet is green—and he is forever consulting one or another dog-eared instructional book for help in whatever problem is lately undermining his game. A rare, and unwelcome, respite occurs every Thursday. That is Ladies' Day at the club, which means that his wife Pauline takes possession of the family golf cart, leaving Walton to idle away the morning in the clubhouse with his cronies, retired fellows like Larry Bermas, Floyd Francisco and George Dyer, who are similarly stranded, each and all, by this perversity in the club's schedule.

Commiserating over their collective fate ("Those gals play so *abyss* slow"), the men quaff coffee and banter tirelessly over inequities they claim to have detected in one another's handicaps. Their conversation has an air of self-congratulation about it, as when Bermas, a retired detective from New York City, threatens to recount once again how he singlehandedly and forever cleansed Manhattan of crime. When the talk turns to the present, it is no less self-satisfied. "Decisions, decisions," sighs Francisco, a thicket ex-Army colonel who heads the men's association of the club. "In the mornings it's do I shave before I play or do I play before I shave?"

What keeps all this from becoming too cloyingly cozy for Walton is the uneven quality of his game, something he blames on the toughness of the par-72 Port Charlotte course. Some retirees eventually grow bored with so much golf, but Walton insists that the challenge of trying to improve his game will spare him that fate. "I'll play real good one day and think I've got this course licked," he says. "Then the next day it jumps up and bites me."

The attraction the game holds for older people like Ray Walton makes the golf course, along with the rocking chair and the park bench, one of the abiding symbols of retirement. One explanation lies in the tendency—most pronounced among those reared before public golf courses brought the game to a wider audience—to associate golf with a life of ease and privilege. Thus it is that Port Charlotte "U," a big and busy adult-education facility that offers retirement-oriented classes in, among other subjects, Contoured Glass, or Orchids as a Hobby, tempts students to its golf-instruction sessions with the promise: "Now is your chance to make that old dream come true."

But it is worth considering, too, whether golf's popularity with Port Charlotte's residents might not have to do with a certain fascination with grass, which they mow, water and otherwise pamper with such happy results as to

suggest that green may not be the color of youthful inexperience after all. (Another popular course at Port Charlotte "U" is Landscape Gardening.) In a community that necessarily views death with some urgency, it is perhaps not surprising that, apart from the Port Charlotte Country Club, the prettiest expanse of grass can be found at Restlawn Memorial Gardens, whose graves, uncluttered by tombstones, are identified by bronze markers flush with the ground.

This arrangement makes it easier to tend the grounds, enabling the cemetery to sell individual plots, with perpetual care, for as little as \$150. Any suggestion that the velvet landscaping resembles that of a golf course is well received by Richard Wiltshire, Restlawn's general manager, who says, "I consider that a nice compliment. We try to make the cemetery as cheerful as possible. We don't want it to be a place of gloom."

To judge by local real-estate values, the one asset prized as highly as grass in Port Charlotte is water, this being equally a symbol of renewal and vigor. One can establish more or less permanent roots in Port Charlotte for around \$10,000, the cost of a fully equipped mobile home in the new Holiday Park development, but the choicest homes, those priced at \$30,000 to \$40,000 or more, are situated either on the golf course or the waterfront. In local usage this last means any of the labyrinthine profusion of fingerlike canals that extend from Charlotte Harbor into many of the town's backyards, a setup naturally favored by those who prefer boating and fishing to golf.

When Ray Walton moved to Port Charlotte in October 1965 he fully expected to spend as much time on the water as on the golf course. Back in Dayton, after all, he had played golf at the Community Country Club only on summer weekends, a dozen or so times a year at best. Childless and financially comfortable, if not what you would call wealthy, he and Pauline lived in a two-story suburban house, took fishing vacations in the Wisconsin woods, bought Seagram's V.O. by the case and drove to Cincinnati to root for the Reds. All they lacked in the pursuit of these relaxations was enough time. So rather than wait for the mandatory age of 65, Walton opted to retire from Frippaire early—just before his 60th birthday.

On their arrival in Port Charlotte, where a younger sister of Pauline already lived, they rented a \$150-a-month home on a wide canal. They bought a 14-foot boat, and Walton scoured Charlotte Harbor for fish. This activity, however, soon gave way to golf. Less than a year later the couple bought their present home on the golf course, an L-shaped affair designated by General Development Corporation, the Miami real-estate concern that launched Port Charlotte, as the Ryder Cup model. This distinguishes it from such other models as the Western Open, the USGA and the Masters.

At first Pauline Walton failed to share her husband's enthusiasm for golf, and problems resulted. "I'd be out

playing golf all day, and she'd sit at home," recalls Walton. "She had too much time on her hands. For a while I was afraid we were going to have to move back to Dayton." And Pauline admits, "I was too embarrassed to go out on the course. I was afraid everyone would laugh at the way I played."

Today the game absorbs the Waltons equally, as do their other main pleasures, such as dining out and dancing every few weeks, usually at the Holiday Inn, which is in the nearby village of Punta Gorda. "If you don't get dressed up once in a while, you lose your pride," explains Walton. They are generally accompanied on such outings by the people who live in the Western Open next door, Don Whalen, a retired Army colonel in his early 50s, and his wife Lucy. The tab for the evening, which can come to \$40 or more, is generally picked up by the losing couple in a marathon gin-rummy game that the Waltons and Whalens play several evenings a week.

To gin rummy, as to golf, Walton brings a strong will to win. "As long as you're competing, and as long as you're trying to do well, you're not really old," he says, and his idea of doing well extends to so prosaic an undertaking as a putting tournament held one day at a par-46 miniature golf course at Port Charlotte's *countryside*



Ramada Inn. The event drew 32 entrants, all of them retirees except for a 13-year-old boy from Detroit who was in Port Charlotte to visit his grandmother. Walton played as if it were nothing less than the U.S. Open. He studied every lie carefully, coaxed his shots along with phrases and sometimes whole paragraphs of body English, and grumbled impatiently when a rain squall came up to interrupt play.

The golfers hurried for cover, but the rain providentially stopped after a few moments, allowing play to resume. Finishing strongly, Walton carded a 54, then joined the other players in front of a nearby bulletin board. When the results were posted they showed him in second place, two strokes behind the boy from Detroit and good enough for the runner-up prize of a \$5 gift certificate.

"Well, second place is better than nothing," Walton said nonchalantly. As he turned from the bulletin board, he added, "You'll hear some guys say that kid had no right being in the tournament. Well, I disagree. You've got to stand aside for youth."

Late that afternoon, wearing the same Bermuda shorts and polo shirt, Walton settled down for cocktails in his enclosed sun porch with Pauline and their friends from next door, the Whalens. The room commands a clear view of the 4th green, and on such occasions Ray Walton sometimes amuses himself by opening a window and badgering friends among the passing parade of golfers. But today held no such lighthearted moments, for it quickly developed that Pauline, who had undergone minor surgery three weeks before, was not feeling well. She was running a fever, a condition worrisome enough that the next morning she would go back in the hospital for observation.

Now, however, she excused herself and went to her room, accompanied by Lucy Whalen. Left on the sun porch, the two husbands were subdued. "You know, retirement is great except for one thing," Ray Walton said at last. "The getting-old part. There's no use kidding myself about it. I've got maybe 10 more years to live if I'm lucky. And maybe I'll be able to play golf only five of them. That's why it's best to get as much out of every day as you can. There's going to come a time when you can't."

His eyes scanned the course until they settled on a figure in the distance, an oldtimer cautiously dismounting from a golf cart. "You want to know the best thing about living on a golf course like this?" Walton said finally. "Even if something happened and I had to be confined to a wheelchair, I could still sit here all day and heckle my friends."

It is useful to think of Charlotte Harbor, Florida's second largest, as a vast underwater golf course, the conformation of its rolling terrain determining where the water is shallow and where deep. Along the outer edges lie menacing sandbars, nature's own bunkers, and boaters like Jim Haas find the task of remaining in the harbor's narrow chan-

nels as challenging as a golfer does remaining on the fairway. For nearly 40 years a hardware-store owner in Mount Sterling, Ohio, Haas has lived in Port Charlotte three years, no small part of which he has spent bravely stuck on one sandbar or another.

His 24-foot powerboat, *Lark*, modest by Florida standards, is equipped to sleep two in an emergency and is capable of top speeds of 35 mph. "It gives me all the boat I need," says the 67-year-old Haas, a quiet, moonfaced man whose feet, clad in sandals and ankle-length socks, barely reach the deck as he sits at the controls, his eyes squinting into the sun. Haas goes boating two or three times a week, the salt air producing in him a sense of freedom undiminished by the fact that after a lifetime of cautious and purposeful endeavor he finds it more necessary than ever to plot his bearings and steer a steady course.

By his own estimate, Haas has run aground at least 50 times, at great loss of time, propellers and, very occasionally, temper. The harbor's poorly marked waters and tricky tides, rather than any real shortcomings on the skipper's part, are mainly to blame. For many years an ardent boater, Haas put in 60-hour weeks at his store in Mount Sterling but made a lot of weekend waves aboard a succession of nine boats he owned, the last of them a 32-foot houseboat that carried his wife Inez and himself on excursions down the Ohio River.

He thus comes by his seafaring more honestly than those in Port Charlotte who buy a boat upon retiring in the Noah-like belief that it might somehow be essential for survival in their new circumstances. A man quite familiar with this syndrome is Dave Brower, sales manager at Port Charlotte's Harbor Marine, where Jim Haas bought his boat. "Being in Florida without a boat is like being in the Sahara without a camel," runs Brower's favorite sales pitch, yet he allows that some of his customers tire of boating quickly. "A lot of these people use their boat a few weeks, then let it sit around for months," Brower says. "Then one day they come in and say, 'Hey, my brother Charlie's visiting from up north. I need to get my boat repaired in a hurry.'"

There are, certainly, other reasons for older (not to say ancient) mariners to use their boats. There was the time last March, for instance, when Jim and Inez Haas decorated *Lark* with colorful pennants and joined a fleet of 50 other craft to reenact the arrival into Charlotte Harbor in 1521 of the Spanish explorer Ponce de León, who was on a mission of colonization after having abandoned his search for the Fountain of Youth. The Ponce de León Festival, as the occasion is celebrated, ended with the Haases dancing the night away with other Port Charlotte couples to the music of Wayne King.

It is only through the ridest of parallels that a spot discovered by Ponce de León is settled today by people who, having also found the restoration of youth to be *continued*

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elusive, are similarly engaged in a mission of colonization. If anybody doubts that the latter-day settlers are true pioneers, consider the late Jim Renshaw, a commercial printer from Chicago. In October 1956 Renshaw became Port Charlotte's first resident, moving into one of General Development's earliest model homes, a boxy dwelling at 102 South Easy Street. The address bespeaks the intoxication of all concerned. "It was wilderness," recalls Renshaw's widow Kathryn. "When we went out at night we'd have to leave the lights on so we could find our house."

People supposedly grow more fixed in their ways with age, but the retirees who followed the Renshaws into Port Charlotte have been remarkably willing to trade the familiar for the unknown. All told, General Development has sold 132,000 homesites there, making this one of the brightest success stories in the history of four-color brochures. To induce people to buy lots and eventually to settle, the company set up display booths in railroad stations of Northern cities, advertised heavily on TV (featuring such persuasive pitchmen as John Cameron Swayze, Bill Stern and Gabriel Heatter) and, to reach servicemen overseas, dispatched Volkswagen buses through the streets of France and Germany. Always the message was the same: \$10 down and \$10 a month would buy a lot in "Beautiful Port Charlotte on the Gulf of Mexico near Punta Gorda, Fla."

Some who settle in Port Charlotte do so sight unseen, but not Jim Haas, whose move there owed more to the gods of chance than to the gold-jacketed salesmen of General Development. When Haas sold his hardware store in 1967 ("I didn't want to be the richest man in the graveyard"), the only immediate plan he and Inez had was to make a long automobile trip to Florida, Louisiana and Texas. The trip was begun but never completed. Driving along Florida's Highway 41, the famed Tamiami Trail, which cuts through the town, they came to Port Charlotte, liked what they saw and within two hours arranged to buy a two-bedroom house on a wide canal.

"It was an impulsive thing to do," Haas confesses. "The original idea was that we'd spend our winters in Port Charlotte and divide the rest of the time between our home in Mount Sterling and our houseboat. It didn't work out that way. When we got home we received a real fine offer for the house. It was a big old two-story house, and we both had arthritis and were living downstairs. We were hardly going upstairs at all. We figured we were only

using half the house anyway. We sold the house and most of our furniture, got ourselves a U-Haul trailer and moved to Port Charlotte.

"Florida's our home now," Haas says flatly. "Not Ohio." On occasional trips to Mount Sterling he makes a point of stopping by the old hardware store—the new owner, he observes with more than a trace of wistfulness, "does things differently"—but it is primarily to visit their two married daughters, one in Cincinnati and the other in Milwaukee, that he and his wife even bother to go back anymore. Old friends? "Some of them are dead," says Haas. "Or else they've retired and moved away themselves."

Probably the most wrenching dislocation for retirees does not concern friends or surroundings, but finances. One Port

Charlotte real-estate dealer—not General Development—offers assurances that, once the home is paid for, a retired couple can get by on \$179 a month, a figure based on the highly questionable assumption that people of advanced years could safely live in so spread out a community with neither an automobile nor a telephone. The difficulty of making do on too tight a budget is evident in the supermarkets, where men in their 70s can be found working as stock boys to supplement their pensions. There, too, one can see an elderly couple conferring in an aisle for 15 minutes about whether to invest 99¢ in a six-pack of Old Milwaukee or splurge and lay down 88¢ for four cans of Budweiser.

The pinch can also be felt by those relatively well off—those, in other words, who do not depend mainly on Social Security payments. Last Memorial Day weekend Jim and Inez Haas joined in a Boat-a-Cade of 100 craft, ranging in size up to 97 feet, for a two-day trip eastward across Florida via inland waterways to Lake Okechobee and beyond to the Atlantic. The trip was a success, owing largely to a wholly fortuitous circumstance. As Haas remembers it, "The stock market rose a little just before we started, and that put everybody in a better mood."

If boating enthusiasts are sensitive to financial tides, it is because their recreation comes dear. Haas' *Lark* cost \$8,600 with radio gear, and he spends anywhere from \$35 a month to \$100 or more on maintenance, including repair and replacement of all those propellers. With fixed costs like that, Haas jokingly figures that what little fishing he does works out to maybe \$70 a pound. No great fisherman anyway, he would rather put his boat to other uses, as when he and Inez set out one day recently with



the idea of having lunch at a small guest hotel on privately owned Useppa Island, 25 miles south of Port Charlotte in Pine Island Sound.

It was just past noon when Haas, shirtless and in high spirits, took *Lark* through the canal behind his house, out past bleached seawalls and into Charlotte Harbor. The water was choppy, but Haas opened the boat almost to full throttle, slowing only to correct course. "I believe I'm allowing too much for the east wind," he said at one point. As he studied the horizon, a school of porpoises played in the distance.

Clearing the harbor, the boat sped past islands strung against the open Gulf. Soon Useppa Island, supposedly once a haven for the pirate Jose Gaspar, came into view, a spot of natural beauty guarded along its beaches by legions of fiddler crabs. Once ashore, the Haases learned that the hotel where they intended to lunch was closed, except for the bar. Haas ordered bourbons for Inez and himself, and it was past 2:30 before they set out again.

The next destination was Bokeselia, a fishing village on Pine Island with a restaurant said to specialize in shrimp boiled in rainwater. On the way, Haas decided on a whim to detour slightly in order to go by the shell-strewn beaches of Boca Grande Pass. By the time they reached the fishing pier at Bokeselia it was 3:30, and a stiff wind had come up to whip the water.

The wooden pier was thick with fishermen who sat along the edge vying for catches with diving pelicans and screaming gulls. Haas approached with great care, lest the waves send *Lark* hurtling against the pier. Finally he succeeded in docking. He clambered onto the pier, where there was a fishing shack and a potbellied man in a dirty T shirt. Haas asked if he could leave his boat there.

"May as well," the man replied frostily. "You've already messed up the fishing around here for the next two hours, anyway."

Haas turned on his heels. "It takes all kinds," he complained, then lowered himself into his boat. In a moment *Lark* was back at sea. "The wind's coming up anyway," he said. "Better get closer to home."

By the time *Lark* reached Charlotte Harbor the tide was going out and Haas had to reduce speed. He eased the boat across oyster beds and shoals and into twisting, brackish Alligator Creek, an otherwise inauspicious waterway that, because it led to a seafood restaurant frequented by the Haases, now took on the importance of the St. Lawrence Seaway. The boat made its way slowly up the creek, discharging its hungry cargo at the restaurant at 5:15.

An hour or so later, after dining on clams and shrimp, the Haases returned to their boat. Moving away from the dock it serped bottom, at the usual peril to the props. "We may have to throw Inez overboard," Haas said with a wink, and his wife beamed. Back in the harbor the waning sun cast se-

quins across the water, which was perfectly still in the early evening. What had begun as a brief outing had wound up taking eight hours, with lunch melting into dinner, but there were no complaints from the Haases.

"I was hoping to write some letters today," mused Inez Haas. "I guess I'll do them tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," her husband repeated. "That's always our busiest day." The way Jim Haas, the skipper and navigator of *Lark*, has charted their retirement, he and his wife are nothing if not flexible.

Unlike Jim Haas, pipe-smoking Harry Tipton ventures into Charlotte Harbor for no reason other than to fish, and he considers his boat, a barnack-laden 17-footer that sits heavily in the water, "one of my fishing accessories." The boat is certainly that. It is also a kind of island, one to which Tipton, who retired to Port Charlotte five years ago, can further withdraw when the mood seizes him. "Fishing gives me peace of mind," he says. "When I'm out on the water I don't have a trouble in the world."

Not that there is anything reclusive about Tipton. A friendly fellow with the roughshewn dignity of his native Rockies, he still cuts a commanding figure at 74, his frame topped by a glove-bald head divided into seas and continents by a mass of wrinkles. The grandson of a cattle rancher on the old Chisholm Trail, he was born in Cripple Creek, Colo., where his father ran a prospering gold mine. Young Harry climbed mountains, worked as a cowboy, studied engineering at Colorado A&M and managed a ranch in the San Luis Valley before going off at 38 to begin a new life as an irrigation engineer, in which capacity he worked in the U.S., and in Central and South America.

After so active and varied a career, Tipton, unlike either Ray Walton or Jim Haas, did not want to retire, but he reluctantly called it quits in 1966. He and his wife Nina moved to Port Charlotte and built a three-bedroom home on a canal leading into the harbor.

"I always thought the only thing in the world that would satisfy me was work," says Tipton, who had previously looked upon fishing, whether for mountain trout in Colorado or for roosterfish and dolphin in Central America, as merely an adjunct, albeit an important one, to his life. Now it would become something close to life itself. Port Charlotte offers some freshwater fishing, but it was to the potent waters of Charlotte Harbor, alive with a lavish variety of tarpon, snook, snapper, sheepshead and cobia, that Tipton was drawn.

He has since hooked them all, although he has seldom bothered to bring home his larger catches. A purist in such matters, he fishes neither for trophies nor food—he does not really care for the taste of fish—but for the sheer sport of it. "The thrill is to hunt them, find them and hook them," he says. "Then I release them. I don't even have to catch a fish to have a good time fishing."

continued

If retirement has worked out more agreeably than Harry Tipton expected, it is because his love of fishing gives him "something to do." Those three words describe what seems a universal obsession among the people of Port Charlotte. A familiar figure on the town's crowded fishing pier, Ernest Rogers, a retired Texaco Oil employee and, like Tipton, a Coloradan, takes time out from casting for snook to explain why he is there: "It gives me something to do. It beats sitting around the house all day." Ask Frank Leach, retired owner of a boiler-repair business in Rhode Island, the reason he has recently taken a part-time job selling Port Charlotte real estate, and he answers: "It keeps me busy. I needed something to do." Leach used to keep busy playing golf, but he lost interest; he played only once last year, and his golf cart is caked with rust.

In their quest for diversion the people of Port Charlotte, besides engaging in sport, participate in a bewildering array of clubs and organizations, with biographical rather than social considerations determining whether they choose, say, the Kansas-Missouri Club over the Minnesota Club or the Retired Railroad Workers over the Disabled Veterans. And if such groups thrive on memories, one deals with realities—Alcoholics Anonymous. Drinking is widely acknowledged to be a problem in Port Charlotte, where, despite all the available activities, the burden of time often weighs heavy.

If some take to drink, others evidence a powerful craving for the demon bingo, which is freely served up in the evenings by churches and civic groups and, in the heat of the afternoon, by Port Charlotte's new cable-TV station, which presents a play-at-home bingo show, a boon to shut-ins. One beneficiary of the phenomenon is the American Legion, where crowds of 175 or more gather on Thursday nights to vie for prizes beneath fluorescent lights that give everything, faces included, a pallid cast. The majority of the participants are women, who bring to the games a strictly business manner and a shared weakness for rhinestone-studded eyeglasses, which local fashion decrees are worn to best advantage when attached to chains around the neck.

The more facile of these women have been known to play as many as 25 cards at a time, a display of concentration and coordination that would shame the most active and able of Port Charlotte's golfers, bowlers or fishermen, to say nothing of the shuffleboard and bowling devotees one also finds sprinkled liberally through the population. Why bingo? It is a question that invokes from Ben Grist, chairman of the American Legion bingo committee and a retired refrigeration man from Hialeah, Fla., those three familiar words. "I guess it's something to do," he shrugs. As he speaks, the bingo players, taking a break from the action, line up for free coffee and doughnuts beneath a large clock advertising Pepsi-Cola, the soft drink for those who think young.

Besides catering to the community's appetite for bingo, Port Charlotte's churches reach out to the people with garden and bridge clubs, women's associations and bowling teams. As members in good standing of the First Presbyterian Church, Harry and Nina Tipton take part in them all. "When you're our age church means a little more," Tipton says, but not everybody in Port Charlotte apparently agrees. Local clergymen say that Sunday-morning attendance is only a trifle better than elsewhere, and one of them, Mark Howard, pastor of First Alliance Church, goes so far as to complain: "A lot of the people down here seem to have retired from God, too."

In Harry Tipton's case the sustenance he draws from the church is as much intellectual as spiritual. On Friday mornings he meets with the men's club of the church to make breakfast and chew the fat about world affairs. "We ran about a month there on Communism as opposed to democracy—darned interesting," says Tipton, whose concern about the woes of civilization is tempered by a sense of seclusion. Of such issues as air pollution and crime in the streets, it is his amiable opinion that "they're problems all right, but people can get pretty carried away."

At no time is Tipton more sanguine than while fishing; he finds it difficult to think of the world as being in such a dreadful pickle when he himself is in the brine. Afflicted by a weak heart and poor eyesight ("It doesn't take 20/20 vision to hit the water with a baited hook"), he never ventures into the harbor alone. One of his favorite partners is Les Purcell, a jaunty little man of 65 from the fishing village of Deale, Md. Purcell is a retired Bell Telephone technician, but his knowledge of poles and lines extends to fishing, which he teaches at Port Charlotte "U."

Most of Purcell's students are retirees taking up fishing for the first time, and he lectures them, as lesson No. 1, on the importance of "patience and fortitude," which he pronounces with such practice that the three words tumble from his mouth as one. Thus it was something like a refresher course he was conducting as he and Harry Tipton fished one Monday morning in the harbor. "Patience and fortitude, Harry," Purcell said after Tipton's line became tangled, and he returned to the theme during one stretch when the fish refused to bite. "Remember, everybody," he said. "Patience and fortitude."

Besides Purcell, the party also included one of Tipton's three sons, Jim, a Chicago-based civil engineer who was visiting Port Charlotte with two of his children, Jim Jr., 12, and Peggy, 9. The children were left this particular morning in the care of their grandmother, a pleasant woman who prefers to fish from the dock behind the Tipton house. Earlier, while her husband was getting his boat ready, Nina Tipton retrieved from the canal a crab trap, which yielded a number of blue crabs plus the bare bones of several gaff-topical catfish that had been used as bait.

The simplest, as it is called, is a spirited but not partic-

ularly coveted little game fish that flourishes along the Gulf Coast. Its special appeal is its skull, which is shaped like a crucifix. When polished, the bone is sold as a religious object in Florida's curio shops. Removing one of the skull bones from the trap, Nina Tipton turned it until the cross glinted in the sun. "They say it was this fish that Jesus fed to the 5,000 in the miracle of the fishes and the loaves," she said. "But I don't know."

Harry Tipton and the others wound up catching dozens of sailcats that morning, but the waters of Charlotte Harbor were not otherwise generous. Using live shrimp as bait, they trolled a while, then drifted with the motor turned off. The sun was oven-warm and the sky, empty except for one or two cottony clouds, seemed large and close. An hour quickly passed with only one other catch: a 14-inch trout taken by Jim Tipton.

After a while the fishermen made their way to a hole where, on previous occasions, Harry Tipton and Les Purcell had met up with both tarpon and sharks. Jim Tipton baited his hook with the trout and cast out. Les Purcell, mouse-like under a wide-brimmed hat, followed, still using shrimp. At the front of the boat Harry Tipton juggled with spoon and feather, pausing now and then to attack a balky pipe with his Zippo. He caught another sailcat, but instead of reeling it, playfully gave it line.

"I think I'll let this fellow get a little exercise," he said.

"That's right," Purcell chirped. "Bring him around to our way of thinking. Just like we're doing in Vietnam."

Tipton did not turn around. "I'll try not to take quite that long," he said. And he worked at his pipe.

Suddenly Jim Tipton had a strike. His line went taut and he braced for battle. Then the line slackened. He looked up, his face a mixture of embarrassment and disappointment. "Guess he made off with the bait," Purcell said. Harry Tipton added cheerfully, "Well, that's it. May as well go home." From the force of the strike it was agreed that the fish had been a shark, probably around

100 pounds, give or take a pound or two for the trout.

Not 20 minutes later the fishermen were back home, there to be greeted by Nina Tipton and the two children, Jim and Peggy. Young Jim proudly held up for all to admire a small, decaying sand shark he had caught the day before, the sight of which caused his sister to bury her face in her hands; it was as if he were posing for pictures, she hiding from them. The presence of children, so rare in Port Charlotte's households, seemed natural and welcome, a reminder that the young have something basically in common with the retired, one has yet to work, the other has ceased to, and both see the world as a playground.

It is precisely this vision of the world that prompts some older people to resist retirement as empty or, at best, frivolous. Still, for those who are willing to adjust or accept—or surrender, some might say—the pleasures of retirement often have a certain purity about them. Out on the golf course, Ray Walton gives no thought to cultivating business contacts or extracting a raise from the boss. When Jim Haas climbs aboard *Look*, it makes little difference what the destination is, never mind whether he reaches it. As for Harry Tipton, so what if he fails to catch anything? They share, these men, a realization that the joy of life is in the doing.

The pity is that this realization has to come so late. "You know, I wish I'd retired years earlier," Harry Tipton said as he and Purcell finished tying up the boat. "It's surprising how busy a fellow can stay when he's retired."

The two men walked toward the house, which was vividly landscaped with hibiscus and allamanda. "Of course, we're busy, Harry," Purcell said. "That's because what used to take us two hours takes us all day now."

Tipton chuckled. "Why, I hadn't thought of it that way," he said. Reaching the house, he stopped and carefully relit his pipe. It had gone out again, providing, as if on signal from his friend Les Purcell, another test of his patience and fortitude.

END



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BOOKTALK

A handy guide to wild foods celebrates cattails, wild strawberries and knotweed

For one whose gustatory explorations usually take place within half a mile of Fifth Avenue and 54th Street in Manhattan, the Field Guide edition of Euell Gibbons' remarkable book *Stalking the Wild Asparagus* (David McKay Company, Inc., \$2.95) reads like a volume of *The Arabian Nights*. It opens up a whole continent of culinary improvisation: the wild food.

Did you know, for example (taking the title vegetable), that the wild asparagus is the same plant, down to its innermost fiber, as the one you buy at the greengrocer's round the corner? And that you probably can find more of it within a few miles of your home—in places like ditches or open fields—than you could possibly consume in a year? And were you aware that the wild asparagus was probably a staple of early man? Or that milkweed is (gulp) edible?

Gibbons tells us all this and a good deal more, including some vacillating ways to prepare these uncultivated harvests. Gibbons is a good writer who loves his subject. He is also a sensualist, his literary mouth watering over the delights of the wapato, the knotweed and the cattail (which, incidentally, turns out to be one of nature's more versatile plant foods). If you think the pursuit of nutrition in the wilds is a dull game, you owe it to yourself to get his angle on it. For instance, on wild strawberries:

"The season had been perfect and the berries were so thick they covered the ground, looking like a red carpet unrolled before me. . . . I stayed there all day, the strawberries sufficing for my lunch. A sudden shower caught me far from my car, so I just kept picking. . . . The returning sun soon dried my clothes and the berries seemed brighter and fresher than before. The day was a revel in beauty, flavor and aroma."

Stalking the Wild Asparagus is not a new book, but its soft-cover Field Guide edition is, and it should be a boon to fans of Gibbons previously hampered by an unwieldy hard cover that was awkward to tote along with their picking pals. This new edition fits nicely into the back pocket of a pair of trousers or into a lady's handbag.

If I had to fault the publishers (not, I would guess, Gibbons) for anything at all, it is that they should have spent a little more money on the illustrations that accompany the text. They are woefully inadequate because they consist only of black and white line drawings. The addition of some color would have helped in identifying the plants.

After all, who wants to cook up a mess of what one thinks is duck potato, only to discover too late that he has ingested *Codium variegatum*, the poison hemlock?

—DON ANDERSON

MI

Turtle Creek. You've probably never heard of it.

Few people have. It's a new place to live, just seven miles from Hobe Sound and eighteen from Palm Beach. But it's a world all by itself.

And unless you're looking for it you probably won't find it. About the only ones who have heard of Turtle Creek are golfers. The Turtle Creek Club has a brand new championship course that doesn't look new at all. Joseph Lee designed it and that alone will probably put it on the map before too long. In the meantime, if you'd like to know what it's like living here in a home or a condominium apartment, write or call (305) 746-7433 in Tequesta (5), Florida 33458.

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A black and white photograph of a man in a light-colored jacket, sitting in a small boat on a body of water. He is holding a long wooden pole and has a cigarette in his mouth. The background shows a hazy shoreline with some buildings. In the foreground, there are some reeds or thin branches.

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Hockey's Tragic Day

Although ice hockey is considered to be a somewhat dangerous pastime, few expect a game to end in wholesale tragedy. Yet this is precisely what occurred in London during the winter of 1867 in the very infancy of the sport.

Then, as now, natural ice thick enough to skate on was a rarity in England's capital city. So when January brought temperatures of 13° and below for day after day, any Londoner who could beg or borrow a pair of ice skates made for one of the lakes in the city's parks. As many as 17,000 visited Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens; fortunately the 18 acres of the Ornamental Water in Regent's Park were chosen by a much smaller number, a mere 500.

Some of the Regent's Park crowd skated sedately; others executed elaborate curls and figures. A great many of the young bloods, however, chose to play a fast, newly popular game called "bandy," or "hockey on ice," in which two teams, armed with curved sticks of willow, attempted to score goals with a 2½-inch disk of rubber.

Although Jan. 15 was a normal working Tuesday, the scene in the park on that day was like a holiday. The banks of the lake were thronged with thousands of spectators enjoying the sport and the rare winter sun. Street vendors moved in with their carts to extol the merits of their oranges, brandy-halls and hot chesnuts. The only people at work were the park keepers, who were busily breaking the ice around the edges of the pond for the benefit of the tame waterfowl.

It was the park keepers, during the early afternoon, who first noticed a few thin cracks appearing in the surface of the ice. They advised some nearby skaters—not too emphatically—of possible danger and suggested that they ought not to stay too long, but no one took much notice, least of all the bandy players, whose game went on with increased speed and vigor.

By 3:30 it should have been obvious to almost everyone that a breakup was imminent. The cracks had increased to such numbers that there was hardly more than a yard of unmarked ice. Water seeped through to spread visibly over the surface. Yet few people left. At 4, three children and two adults plummeted through the ice only 12 feet from the shore. Almost at the same moment a group of a dozen people near the opposite bank suddenly sank into the water

as a crowd of 200 watched and foolishly remained on the ice. In the panic that followed, all 200 crowded toward an area where the ice looked the most firm. Within seconds 200 heads were bobbing in the water.

Those who were skating were the first to die, for even a strong swimmer can scarcely make progress when each foot is ballasted by a weight of steel. Swimmers and nonswimmers alike tried to grab the nearest slab of floating ice. A few flimsy rescue wharves were carried on spectators' shoulders and launched, but their rowers could make only slow progress through the jagged chunks of broken ice. Ropes were joined until they were long enough to span the whole lake, but it proved impossible to pull in the victims through the ice. They had to hold on in the hope that a boat might reach them while they were still strong enough to grip the freezing line. Suddenly one rope snapped, and a row of heads disappeared for the last time below the water. Their hats still floated on the surface, as did the baskets of the orange vendors.

One near victim of the disaster was also its best historian, a young man named Francis Skrine. He was one of the bandy players, and soon after the main breakup he found himself immersed in the center of the lake, 200 yards from shore, where he knew the water to be 12 feet deep. "I looked for a means of escape," he wrote later, "and saw close by an employee of the Royal Humane Society, with cork life belt and ladder, making his way gingerly towards the shore. My entreaties to be allowed a share of his life belt were answered by an imprecation and the remark that he 'would have enough to do' to save himself."

Skrine seized a four-foot floe and hung on to it while his strength waned. Soon he saw the Royal Society's ladder, now abandoned, floating a few feet away. Burdened by his skates, he made a few des-

perate swimming strokes and after two submersions reached it in safety.

"The entire surface of the lake was covered with human heads," he noted in his account of it all, "their owners clinging desperately to ice floes and sending the air with their entreaties for help. The shores were fringed by a yelling mob of spectators, intensely excited but utterly unable to assist their perishing fellow creatures close by; a stabs-art fellow who had been one of the most eager and profane of our hockey players, was praying fervently for mercy. Seeing my ladder, he implored me to push it within his reach. The drowning wretch abandoned his temporary support and clutched at my ladder, but the effort was beyond his powers. He went under, and the last I saw of him was two clenched fists slowly sinking between two adjacent floes."

Some time later, according to Skrine, "a delicious dreaminess invaded my senses." He fainted and was the last person to be rescued, after four hours in the water. He was taken to a private house overlooking the park, where he recovered consciousness seven hours after the disaster. His frozen fingers were so tightly wrapped around the rungs that they had to carry him to the house complete with the ladder. He lost his fingernails, but otherwise suffered no permanent harm. Two days later he was up again, helping the authorities to drag the lake for bodies.

The great disaster, like most of its kind, produced unexpected heroes. Once ice starts to break, no part of its surface is safe. Yet an elderly laborer was seen to walk across the cracking surface to an island, sling an unconscious man across his back and then walk back to shore. A medical student named Whiteford saved at least five people. He hauled them to the island with a rope, gave them brandy and then assisted them 200 yards to the shore.

That night eight bodies were recovered and taken to a temporary mortuary at the Marylebone workhouse; next day there were a further 15, including an orange vendor, a 9-year-old boy, a butler, a rich city merchant—a cross section of all London. In the end no fewer than 42 bodies were recovered. Many were young men in their prime; not a few were the players of the energetic young game of hockey on ice.

—J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

In May of 1966, the number one best seller was "Valley of the Dolls" by Jacqueline Susann.

Our selection for that month was an obscure book called "Unsafe At Any Speed" by Ralph Nader.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA Milwaukee's winning streak was ended at 10 games by Atlanta. Pete Maravich returned an outright points in lead the Hawks to a 113-118 victory. As Milwaukee led all scorers with 26 points. Lee Alford, although limited to 16 points by the Hawks, had a pair of 40-point performances as the Hawks defeated Boston 120-111 and Portland 142-117. In the showdown that ended the Midwest Division rivalry against Central Division leader Milwaukee, Milwaukee came out on the winning end 120-116. Chicago had to forfeit a game, winning all three of its games—against San Francisco 127-85, Portland 123-111, and New York 109-103. The Knicks defeated San Diego 117-111 and Minnesota Boston 126-101 in Wake Road. Walt Frazier and Dick Barone scored 30 points each. In the final between the two top teams in the Pacific Division, Los Angeles stopped San Francisco's four-game win streak 130-110.

ABA In the mid-week, before Saturday's All-Star game, Virginia appeared to be Virginia Slims rather than the East Division's No. 1. The team's four games in four games, including a 104-104 and second-place Kentucky 124-114. The Colonies were two of three games, against Milwaukee 118-110 and Portland 118-110. In the Virginia was high scoring to Indiana 137-124. Last year's champion, the Indiana Pacers, were No. 1 in the West Division, although they led by only half a game. In addition to improving Kentucky, the Pacers beat Denver 118-106 and lost to Utah, their nearest competitor, 116-106.

In the ABA All-Star game Rick Barry connected on two free throws before adding a field goal in the final 49 seconds to give the underdog EAST a victory-by-half 125-122 victory over the West.

BOXING In Las Vegas, DON JOHNSON of Alaska, 35, won the 177-177 77 Show Box International tournament by defeating Barry Avler in the final game 249-221.

BASEBALL As a notable bow, well-known champion Bill V. RAIKUS won a 50-point victory over Bobby Williams, of Memphis, at Syracuse, N.Y.

FOOTBALL In the shortest final pro game of the season John Brock scored a 25-yard touchdown pass to Dave Graham in the final quarter and coach Mel Raskin added electrifying punts runs of 82 and 56 yards as the National Conference, coached the American Conference 27-0 in the Pro Bowl at Los Angeles.

GOLF—MILLER BARRIE closed with a 65-putt for an impressive 26-under-par 281 to win the \$125,000 Phoenix Open. His score, although one of the lowest in several years, was only two

stroked better than Dan Sikes and Billy Cooper, who were tied at 283.

HOCKEY—In their second contest of the season, New York and Philadelphia resumed their last-minute rivalry, tying 3-3. Going into the playoffs, the Rangers and the Flyers had completed a seven-game string of tie games, a streak Philly finally broke this year 3-1. Besides, winning all three of their early post-season tie games, the Flyers beat over New York by beating Toronto 5-1, while Chicago remained here played in the West Division lead.

In a game so dull that one can yawn, "It's the Super Bowl," Chicago's defenseman, Bruce Mak and Bobby Hull scored a pair of goals from opposite sides of the rink to lead the WHA to a 2-1 victory over the East in the All-Star game. Gary Croteau over got the East's little score.

HORSE RACING—EXCELTIONER (3186) making his first start in two months, was a famous photo finish in the \$12,500 Belmont at Hialeah. The 3-year-old ran the six furlongs in 1:11. Brayan Brien, beaten by a nose, was a neck ahead of Rajah Brien.

LION SLEEPS (5818) won the Royal Palm Handicap, also at Hialeah. He covered the seven furlongs in 1:23. For his sixth straight victory, Bill Hamann got the victory a nose in front of second-place Specter Lion, who held a half-length lead on Leonard J. Fox North. A neck behind in fourth was Nance Royalty.

WIRE PLAYING—A team headed by Will Yelen, president of the International Kitchens Association, set a world record for sustained flight with a time of 37 hours, 17 minutes over Saratoga, Fla. The old mark was 37 hours.

SWIM—At the National Nordic Championships in Durango, Colo. MIKE GALLAGHER of Killington, Vt., won the 100-meter race in one hour, 40 minutes and 24 seconds, almost five minutes ahead of his nearest rival, MIKE HILGERT, who finished by taking the 100-meter event in 47:40. In the women's competition MARTHA ROCKWELL, 17:07 of Putney, Vt., defeated Tina Homer of Seattle by two minutes in the 100-meter event. Her later loss in the free-swimming to SHARON LUKIN of Canada, who clocked 15:46. JERRY MARTIN of Massachusetts won the jumping championship with jumps of 77.2 and 75.5 meters from the 20-meter hill.

TENNIS—RICK LAYNE defeated Arthur Ashe 7-5, 6-4, 7-6 in the \$210,000, hyperion Cup at Madison Square Garden. The 21-year-old Australian

latter dented Tom Okker 5-7, 5-7, 6-2, 6-2, 6-3 and ended his week consecutive win in the Classic.

TRACK & FIELD—Former Kansas star JIM RYUN recovered on the track side of a 100-meter dash in 10.1 seconds to win the state in 4:06.4 at San Francisco's Cow Palace (page 10). In the same meet AL FULBRIGHT won the 100-meter dash in 10.1 seconds, setting a record of 48:11, adding 11 inches to the old mark and defeating Randy Matson, who also bettered the record.

In the NAIA indoor track and field championships at Kansas City JEAN-LUIS BAVELLOMANI/NAI/USA, representing Westmont (Calif.) College, equaled the world indoor record for the 400-yard dash with a 1:9 clocking.

MILPOSETS—AWARDED The AAU's 1970 James E. Sullivan Memorial Trophy as the Outstanding Amateur Athlete in the U.S. to JOHN KINSELE, EA, holder of world swimming records for the 1,500-meter freestyle (15:57.1) and 400-meter (4:05.4) (page 8).

DRAFTED Jacksonville's 7' 3" ARTIS GILMORE, by the Kentucky Colonels, JIM McANALLY of Western Kentucky, by Utah's KANAWHA State, and MARK SMITH, by Carolina, and HAROLD PORTER of Virginia, by Pittsburgh, in the first round of the ABA's "draft."

ELECTED To the National Basketball Hall of Fame at Springfield, Mass., ROBERT O'BRYEN and JOE PETTIT, along with the late ABE SARANTINIS, founder of the Harlem Globetrotters.

Hired Three more football coaches changed their voting preferences. JACK O'BRYEN was named 100th season as a defensive coordinator before leaving last year for Heidelberg College, returning to coaching in head coach replacing Dave Lutz, who had moved to Iowa. BILLY KIRKLAND, an assistant at Atlanta, was named head coach at the University of Mississippi, replacing Alvin Vincent Vanghi, who will become assistant athletic director. In the pro the Houston Oilers selected LEO HILGERT, the offensive coach for the San Francisco 49ers, as their new head coach.

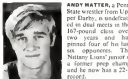
NAMED By the American Cancer Society and the Rotary Club in Western Ohio, the 1970 Grand JURY WILLIAM LUTHER, as members of the nation's outstanding college football players.

DIED Frances Dodge Van Lennep, 57, expert horsemanship, coauthor of "Horse and Rider," died of cancer in the heart of her home, after a brief illness in Boca Raton, Fla.

CREDITS

14-16 Fred Finklestein; 17-24 Ray, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

FACES IN THE CROWD



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BLACK IS BEST

Sirs,

Beautiful, man, as in soul winning? Martin Kane's *An Assessment of "Black Is Best"* (Jan. 18) opens some very special doors indeed. Or it should.

Not only has sport become a "way out of the despair of the slums" for the black man, but Kane's piece is certain to open the minds of those who insist that the only reason blacks take up sports is so they can put Cadillacs in their garages.

IRA B. HARKIN III

Associate Editor

The Frankfurt Morning Times

Frankfurt, Ind.

Sirs:

Martin Kane deserves recognition on an overdue article that was well worth waiting for. As a black mulatto, I tend to agree with all aspects presented in this factual account of the black athlete. Although few in number, practically all of Watson's black high school athletes are highly competitive and prominent in all sports. I am proud to be one of these athletes. Mr. Kane has answered many of my questions by presenting this revealing article about the anatomy of the black athlete. Thank you.

WALTER YOUNG

Watertown, N.Y.

Sirs,

Congratulations on the thoughtful and thought-provoking article on black athletes. It is a relief to know after all these years of trying to learn the latest dances that I do have rhythm! I was beginning to get positively neurotic about it.

PERRY WINSLOW

Washington

Sirs,

The evidence of the role black jockeys played in racing history can still be seen in the occasional black jockey statue that adorns some white middle-class homes. But horse racing was not the only sport in which Negroes felt from prominence. In 1899 and 1900 Marshall W. Taylor won the world and U.S. bicycle sprint championships, respectively, and was known as the "Fastest Bicycle Rider in the World" for more than a decade. Thereafter, black riders were systematically excluded from bicycle racing; however, since the sport itself declined in popularity the exclusion was not of lasting importance.

But Mr. Kane's conclusion is disturbing. To suggest that blacks should see an inspiration in exceptional athletes like Lew Alcindor and Willie Mays is to be guilty of the very racism that Jack Olsen condemned

in his fine series on the black athlete (*The Black Athlete: A Shameful Story*, July 1, 1968 et seq.) While the typical black may be physically better endowed for some sports than the typical white, the vast majority of young Negroes will not achieve the athletic prowess of a superstar. Telling them to work hard so they can someday be like Willie Mays is a fraud. The white who fails to become a superstar can find other outlets. What chance does a mediocre black athlete have if he cannot make it in the big time? The result is frustration and anger—and violence.

FORREST G. WOOD

Associate Professor

Department of History

California State College

Bakersfield, Calif.

Sirs,

Martin Kane's article shows great study and research of the physical differential of the black man in comparison with the white, however, Mr. Kane still failed to see the black man as a man. The mere fact that blacks are cast as people who know how to be loose under pressure and relax under stress illustrates more stereotype than I care to see.

This article also shows black kids as making it only with their brawn, while, on the other hand, white kids are "so much more aware of conventional things," of Emily Post... of being right. No one was more scared than my husband the day he had to pitch against Ole Miss during the World Series of collegiate baseball some years ago. Not only did he win that game but today he is a successful black teacher.

CHARLES JONES

Staten Island, N.Y.

Sirs:

I found the article to be both interesting and provocative. However, with the prevalence of racism in sports today, I also found it to be untimely. The problem of racism in sports stems from the belief that one race is superior to another; this holds true for white athletes as well as black athletes. To eradicate this problem we must implant in all athletes' minds the idea that athletic superiority is based solely on the achievements of the man who excels over all others and not on racial distinctions.

SI should strive to remove racism from the sports scene. It appears that Martin Kane is doing just the opposite.

SPENCER KERR

River Edge, N.Y.

Sirs:

Please extend my thanks to Martin Kane for his article on the black athlete. I myself

am a black athlete on the varsity track team at my high school. I felt it was about time that the black man be recognized for his accomplishments in sport. This kind of widely acclaimed recognition has wiped out many stereotypes concerning the black man and has been a powerful unifying force in the black community.

In sport, perhaps to a larger degree than anywhere else in society, we see a dream of freedom and equality.

LAWRENCE J. GANNIN

St. Albans, N.Y.

HIDDEN ASSETS

Sirs:

I was fascinated and inspired by Yukio Mishima's remarkably sensitive and astute evaluation of the deteriorating values in sport which are, in turn, symptomatic of our deteriorating culture (*Tenets of a Samurai*, Jan. 11).

Though the ideals he proffered are not a panacea for our athletic ills or original in their proffering, they succinctly portray what good might evolve if all of our assets were properly nurtured.

BURNE BIGGS

Montpelier, Vt.

Sirs:

I have just finished reading the article and I have a lump in my throat. I have taken a few of those showers and agree with Mishima that those who haven't had that privilege are missing part of life. After reading this article I mourn over the fact that this superb human being is no longer with us to influence our thinking, especially for those of us over 30. I am reminded of last Sunday's scripture lesson, Romans 12, where we are admonished to "give our bodies as living sacrifice." What an impact Mishima could have made, if we could have gotten God's word to him! I hope that Yukio's article will stir many of us to rethink our ideas about fitness.

THE REV. JERRY B. STROUD

Pastor

Trinity Lutheran Church

Winningo, Minn.

Sirs,

The article on Yukio Mishima's views on physical fitness and his experiences in sport was excellent. He made me appreciate what athletic abilities I have.

EDDIE BYERLY

Winston-Salem, N.C.

SUCCESS STORY

Sirs:

My sincere congratulations to Dr. Del Merwen (*"Hey, I Can Beat Those Guys,"*

continued

At Hertz, the old-timers remember when people were ashamed of renting a car.



BACK in the early days of car renting John Hertz and his company had to wrestle with many problems.

One of the biggest was the way people felt about renting cars.

To rent a car, they thought, showed the world they were too poor to own one.

It made them feel small, cheap, second-rate.

This shame of renting cars began to manifest itself in strange ways.

For instance, it was not uncommon for people to walk into Hertz offices wearing disguises.

It got so bad the very concept of renting cars seemed in jeopardy.

Nobody liked us.

And to hear the old-timers tell it, this was John Hertz's finest hour.

He emerged from his office

one day, bleary and unshaven. "Rent them cars they'll be proud to drive," he nearly screamed. "Make them feel important."

Needless to say, his strategy worked.

Today Hertz rents more new cars and more kinds of cars than any other rent a car company.

From our new low priced Ford Pintos to our Lincoln Continentals and Thunderbirds.

And it's still the object of every Hertz girl in the world to make the traveler feel important.

That's a lesson we learned before most of today's rent a car companies even existed.

And as one old-timer recently put it, "That's what renting cars is all about."



"Rent them cars they'll be proud to drive" JOHN HERTZ

Hertz

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1978 HOLE roundup

Jan. 18), not only for a fine sprint performance at College Park, Md. on Jan. 8 but for his outstanding initiative and general success in track at the age of 27.

VINCENT H. DYAN

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

You mentioned that Del has no coach. This is true, as I have had little opportunity to work with him. We have, of course, exchanged ideas on training over the phone and he has been given basic guidelines on general exercise and conditioning, but Del confirms the general rule that sprinters need little other than innate ability. What can a coach teach a sprinter other than how to start and to concentrate on relaxation while under pressure? As an individual with above-average intelligence, Del needed to be told only once. The speed was already there. Because of Del's laboratory work schedule, he can practice only once or twice a week at odd hours. He's just phenomenal. He's an absolute rookie in track and he thinks of the sport strictly as a hobby. He's modest, unassuming, intelligent—and fast.

JAY DUNN

President

Baltimore Olymps. Club

Baltimore

Sirs:

In his enjoyable account of Dr. Del Merrett's 60-yard dash to supremacy Sandy Treadwell omitted the name of the runner pictured in lane 1. He's Kent Merritt, who defeated Charlie Greene in the qualifying heat and is one of the University of Virginia's outstanding track and football prospects.

ERNEST D. DUMPLEY

Sports Editor

The Cavalier Daily

Charlottesville, Va.

AGONY AND ECSTASY

Sirs:

I would like to thank Reporter Anita Verwoeth and Photographer Neil Leifer for the excellent job they have done on cross-country skiing (*Don't Cry Until It's All Over*, Jan. 11). The pictures were very good (although, I wasn't crying).

It would be wonderful if you could do another article on the grace and beauty of the sport, which are so often overlooked. The agony is only a small part of cross-country skiing, and somehow you forget it soon after the race is over. There is a wonderful mental satisfaction that comes after a hard race that makes it all worth it. The longer and harder the race, the higher and longer the mental uplift. I don't understand it all myself. I just know I keep going back for more.

BOB GRAY

Patterson, VI.

Sirs:

The athletic grimace is common to most sports, but to interpret cross-country skiing as only pain is like showing only the contorted faces of marathon runners, only the limp bodies of bike riders or only the agony of football players who have been hit too hard.

Cross-country skiing is kinder to its practitioners than any of these sports. Your feet don't pound, so you don't get shin splints. The heat doesn't wipe you out, injuries are infrequent and nobody's out to do you in. Those who give their utmost may show it, but the word is strain, not pain.

M. MICHAEL BRADY

Certified Coach

Norwegian Ski Federation

Oslo

FIGHT FOR LIFE

Sirs:

I just want to add my voice to those who have been praising you for your efforts on behalf of our endangered environment—John Fowles' article *Weeds, Bays, American* (Dec. 21), *The Great Buffalo Hunt*, *Slaughter* (Nov. 23) and others. One sees so much depopulation, cruelty and ignorance now that it surely gives one a lift to know there are those who care. Your widely read and respected magazine is certainly doing its part in the fight for life.

MRS. CONRAD J. Aiken

Louisville

Sirs:

John Fowles commendably pointed out that America's conservation problems should be blamed just as much on suburban and rural Americans as on industry. In my opinion, our schools are partly to blame for faulty attitudes toward nature, because they have carried 19th century attitudes over into the 20th century. One such attitude is the sense of endless land to be exploited; another is the view that the greatest possible profit must be exacted from each acre.

The system of capitalism that has made our country so rich is also largely responsible for a faulty attitude toward conservation of nature. A society oriented to mass transit, mass production and mass media will see beauty only in orderly, efficient and easily visible nature.

Once suburban and rural America step placing the blame only where the damage to nature is most visible and begin to tolerate all forms of nature in their backyard, conservation will become a reality rather than just a slogan.

GARY CLARK

East Palestine, Ohio

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